

Bungalow Camps

in the Canadian
Pacific
Rockies



BUNGALOW CAMPS

IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

Wapta Camp—Overlooking beautiful Lake Wapta, just west of the Great Divide. Centre for Alpine climbing, drives, pony rides, and hikes to Lake O'Hara, the Yoho Valley, the Kicking Horse Canyon, etc.

Postal Address, Wapta Camp, Hector, B.C.

Lake O'Hara Camp—This Alpine lake, of exquisite coloring and charm, is a splendid climbing, riding and walking centre. Excursions to Lake McArthur and Lake Oesa, or over Abbot Pass to Lake Louise.

Postal Address, Lake O'Hara Camp, Hector, B.C.

Yoho Valley Camp—At the most delightful location in Yoho Valley, facing Takakkaw Falls. Excursions to the upper valley or over Yoho Pass to Emerald Lake.

Postal Address, Yoho Valley Camp, Field, B.C.

Moraine Lake Camp—At the head of the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Good trout fishing, climbing, riding and hiking to Consolation Lakes, Paradise Valley, Wenkchemna Pass, etc.

Postal Address, Moraine Lake Bungalow Camp, Lake Louise, Alta. (Open June 1-September 30.)

Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp—First stop on the new Banff-Windermere automobile highway, the most spectacular automobile road in America. Wonderful panoramic views of Castle Mountain and other peaks.

On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp, Castle Mountain, Alta.

Vermilion River Camp—Second stop on this road. Fine fishing in the Vermilion River, and magnificent mountain climbing.

On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Vermilion River Bungalow Camp, Castle Mountain, Alta.

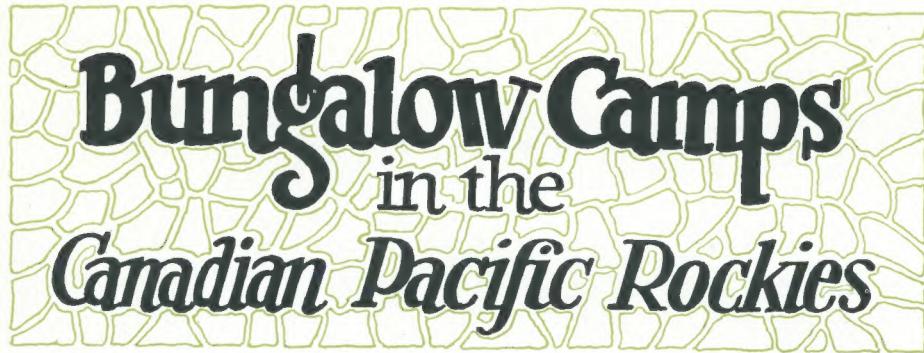
Radium Hot Springs Camp—Third stop on this road. Swimming in Radium Hot Springs Pool, hiking and climbing, and wonderful views of the Selkirks.

On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp, Radium Hot Springs, B.C.

Lake Windermere Camp—A popular bungalow camp on the shore of the loveliest warm water lake of British Columbia. Riding, motoring, swimming, boating and excursions to the glaciers of the Selkirks.

Postal Address, Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp, Invermere, B.C.

The above camps are open (except where otherwise stated) from June 15th to September 15th. Rates \$5.50 per day, American plan. Information how to reach these camps, and the accommodation at each, is found on later pages, under each separate camp.



Bungalow Camps in the *Canadian Pacific Rockies*

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES, which interpose their giant barrier between the prairies and the Pacific Coast, comprise the most wonderful mountain region in the world. Nearly seven hundred peaks of 6,000 feet or over in height—lovely mountain lakes, swift rivers, silent primeval forests, glistening glaciers, extensive national parks, hundreds of miles of roads and good trails, climbing, fishing, riding, hiking and motoring—these are some of the attractions that they offer.

At several points in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, bungalow camps have been established which make a special appeal to the trail-rider, the hiker and the climber. A "bungalow camp" consists, speaking generally, of a cluster of buildings of log or other wooden construction—the principal one the club building, used for dining and recreational purposes, the others being individual sleeping cabins of various sizes. These bungalow camps—which are supplemented by many outlying "tea houses"—combine comfort, simplicity, and good food with moderate charges—and always they have the magnificent background of wild Nature.

In the following pages the eight Bungalow Camps are arranged in geographical convenience.

Y o h o N a t i o n a l P a r k

Yoho National Park has an area of 476 square miles, and lies just west of the Great Divide on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. It is a region of charm and winsome beauty, of giant mountains and primeval forests, of rushing rivers and sapphire-like lakes. Its principal river is the Kicking Horse, with the Ottertail and Yoho as main tributaries; its chief lakes are Emerald, Wapta, McArthur, O'Hara and Sherbrooke. The Yoho Valley (with its great glacier, Twin Falls and Takakkaw Falls), Emerald Lake, Burgess Pass, Lake O'Hara and Lake McArthur are amongst the chief scenic features.

Three bungalow camps are situated in Yoho National Park. Linked together as they are by good motor roads or trails, and supplemented by outpost tea houses, they make one of the most delightful circle tours of the entire Rockies.

Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp

Eleven miles from Field by road. Thirteen miles from Wapta Camp by road. Also reached by trail from Emerald Lake. Accommodation for 64.

Wapta Bungalow Camp

Close to Hector Station. Also reached by road from Field (13 miles), Lake Louise (8 miles), or Yoho Camp. Accommodation for 58.

Lake O'Hara Bungalow Camp

Eight miles south of Hector Station, by trail. Also reached from Lake Louise over Abbot Pass, or by trail from Field. Accommodation for 38.

Kicking Horse Canyon Tea House

Between Wapta Lake and Field.
Sleeping accommodation for 2

Natural Bridge Tea House

Between Field and Emerald Lake.

Summit Lake Tea House.

Between Yoho Valley and Emerald Lake.
Sleeping accommodation for 12.

Twin Falls Tea House.

In the upper Yoho Valley.
Sleeping accommodation for 5.

Abbot Pass Alpine Hut

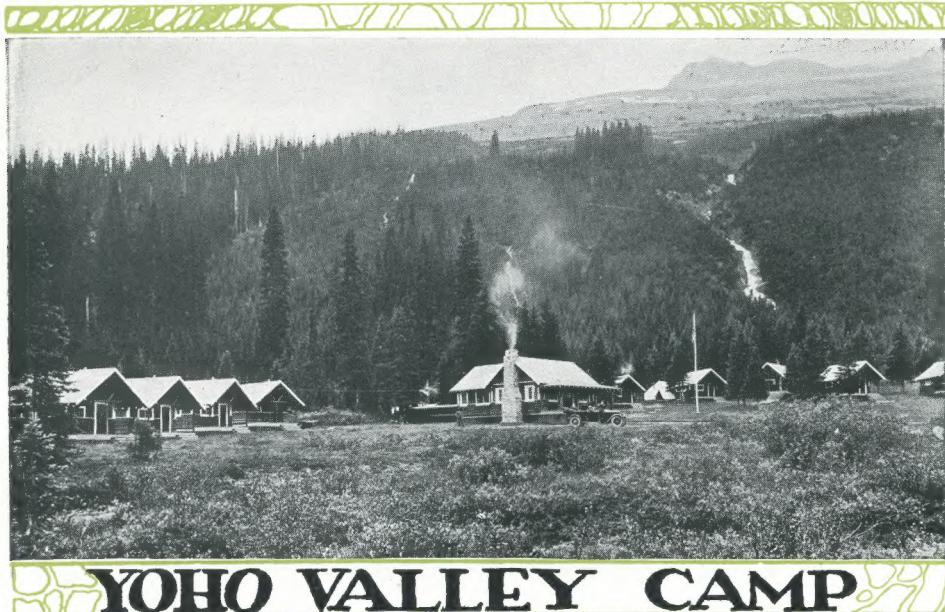
Between Lake O'Hara and Lake Louise.
Sleeping accommodation for 20.

Plain of Six Glaciers Tea House

Between Abbot Pass and Lakes in the Clouds.
Sleeping accommodation for 4.

All trains stop at Field. At Hector (12 miles east) most trains stop. (See time-tables).

The new motor road from Banff to Golden passes Wapta Camp and Kicking Horse Canyon Tea House.



YOHO VALLEY CAMP

'Yoho' The derivation of Yoho is from an Indian ejaculation of astonishment or wonder, somewhat in the manner of the "Prodigious!" of Sir Walter Scott's dominie. "Yo-Ho!" say the Crees, when they come suddenly upon anything that amazes them. The Stoney Indians say it thus: "YO-ho!"; and in all this valley, for white visitors of to-day, it is either a case of "Yo-ho!" or of simply the silence that comes from lack of knowing what to say to voice their admiration.

Field, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, is the detraining place. There, under the great hump of Mount Stephen and the crags of Mount Burgess, the auto-buses and motor-cars await to take us up to the camp. With their whistling honk they speed away across the Kicking Horse River, either left to Emerald Lake, or right to the Yoho Bungalow Camp.

The Kicking Horse Long may the truth endure regarding the origin of place names, for history is in them and the romance of reality! Of recent years a crag in the Kicking Horse Pass, somewhat in the likeness of a horse, has caused some to give that as the origin of the name; but the truth of it is otherwise, and is part of the story of the making of this wonderful railway that carries us to-day in comfort into the very heart of the wilderness. When Doctor Hector, the famous doctor and botanist of the Palliser Expedition of the fifties (who later was knighted—Sir James Hector—and became Governor of the Windward Islands) was unsaddling in the pass one day, he did not notice that he had just loosened the cinch-strap instead of drawing it free. Walking behind, as he pulled the saddle, the strap tickled the horse. Out shot its hind legs, kicking him over a cliff. Not only was he kicked over the cliff, but he was supposed to

be dead, and the Indians accompanying him were considering burying him until he opened his eyes.

The Smell of the Woods As the car runs east along the river side it is worth while to look up at the crags of Mount Stephen opposite. By careful scrutiny of some of the apparent natural cavities in these high cliffs, you will discern timbers. These holes are actually the entrances to tunnels of the Monarch Mine. The bin to hold the ore, so steep is the face of the mountain there, is like an eagle's eyrie clapped to the rock front. Even as we are looking up at it, the auto swings away into a valley down which Yoho pours its waters to the Kicking Horse River.

If you are smoking, don't toss your cigarette end lightly out. Here you are at the gateway of an earthly paradise. Remember the Scripture which saith: "Behold how great a matter a small fire kindleth." These tall trees must never become a bonfire. The smell of the place is what chiefly enchant us at the beginning. Newly out of the railway cars, we breathe deep of the rich odor of the woods, the blent aroma of balsam and spruce; we rush through scent, robust, invigorating scent, that fills our lungs. Yoho foams below us, and the road twists and mounts through that pervading odor and the green dusk of the forests.

Yoho Camp There are summer vacation resorts at which, though to be sure we exchange town for country, the summer heat still pursues us. One of the great charms of the Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp is that it is never too hot to sleep refreshingly there. At its altitude we have all the sun of summer days; but we have comfortable nights. The club house is perched in a meadow facing Takakkaw, the stream that comes down from the Daly Glacier. In a fissure of the mountains



Yoho Valley
Bungalow
Camp from
Takakkaw
Falls.



this stream drops a sheer thousand feet and more. The winds toy with it. It is not, up there, a river of water but a river of foam, and comes down with an oddly leisurely appearance despite its great drop, very much like a falling of those rockets called Golden Rain. It has its colors too, it is not always white; but of that more later.

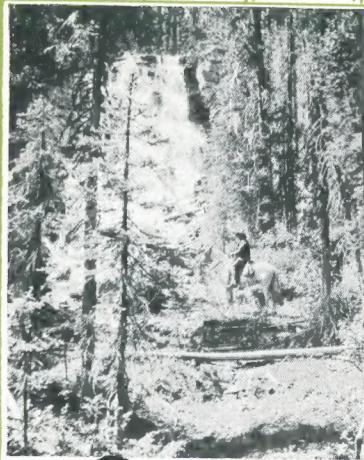
Tom Wilson The bungalows, in a semi-circle, are dotted round the community house, each with its simple necessities for those going into the mountains. In the middle of the cleared space before them is a small tablet to Tom Wilson, the original trail maker of these parts, who found (that is as far as whites are concerned, for it was an Indian who led him there) the Lake of Little Fishes, now called Lake Louise, and then, over the ridge behind us, Emerald Lake, in 1882. Not so long ago, that, as the centuries go! Just a moment ago, in a sense! The automobile comes now to Yoho Valley Camp where Tom Wilson came, afoot, by a dim Indian trail, or no trail at all. Otherwise all is as he saw it. Takakkaw roars, as he heard it roar, out of a notch in the cliffs below the Daly Glacier, into a sweep of rock up there like a colossal font-stone, and then overflows, even as he (the Cortez of these parts) saw it—wind-plucked foam.

Takakkaw As one sits on the verandah of the community house, lulled rather than at all troubled in spirit by that wind-borne rumble, there come at irregular intervals harsher notes in the flow of sound. These are rocks brought down by Takakkaw and dropped into that high cupped projection of the cliff that is like a stupendous font. At times there comes another accent in the orchestration, sometimes so high and crashing as to seem

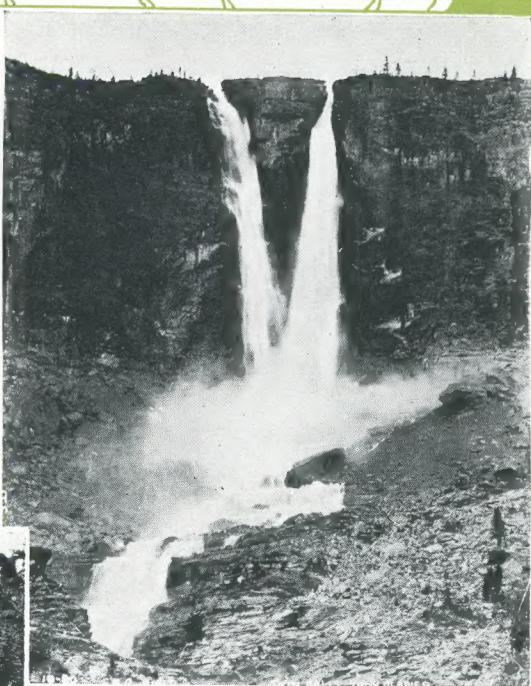
like the first of a peal of thunder, sometimes less thunderous and distinguishable promptly for what it is, crashing, splitting, and with a kind of vast tinkling as of ice in a thousand-fold tumbler; for it is of ice, thawed away from the forefoot of the glacier that lies there invisible above, of ice chunks washed down in the flow, dropped in the great cup and tossed to and fro there into shattered atoms.

Many people come up to the Camp in the automobiles from Field and Lake Louise, just to glimpse these falls, and go again; but happy are they who can spare the time to tarry a while. After supper one may stroll over by the little path for a nearer survey of that gauzy, billowing foam. At once one is in virgin forest. Hotels, even bungalow camps, might be leagues away. The path leads up on a hump of woods, drops to the river side, and leads across a foot-bridge to where the last spray of the falls drifts ceaselessly in the air.

It is an ideal place, this Yoho Bungalow Camp, for both riders and hikers. About a couple of miles along on the road northward we can turn aside to the left and see the Point Lace Falls. Not as high as Takakkaw, they yet have their beauty. One may weary of the multitude of Bridal Veils in the Rockies, and wonder that those who name places and things have no brighter wit than to see so many foaming falls as bridal veils; but Point Lace Falls is otherwise. The name is apt, not banal, for that filigree of foam on a cliff face. Only a few feet farther upon the main road, to the right, a trail leads away a mere hundred yards, to other falls, called Angels' Stairs. They come zigzagging down from high cliffs, the last bastions of the Daly Glacier, again with that oddly leisurely aspect of so many precipitous waters. From shelf to shelf they drop and veer, and drop again.



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- 1 Point Lace Falls, in the Upper Yoho Valley.
- 2 The Twin Falls are vast columns of water which drop almost perpendicularly.
- 3 Twin Falls Tea House—Pivot of a wonderful trip.
- 4 The Upper Yoho Valley, showing the Yoho Glacier.

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Easy Strolls Takakkaw Falls, Point Lace Falls, Angels' Stairs, are all close to camp. All three can be visited between breakfast and lunch if one cares; and then in the afternoon one may stroll a mile up the trail on the mountain immediately behind the camp, take the first tributary trail to the left, and experience, less than a mile farther on, the quiet of Hidden Lakes. There they lie, utterly whelmed round by the woods, mirroring the still trees. Not a sound but the fitting call of a whisky-jack, as whites have contorted the Indian name of the bird *wiss-katjan*. Its lonely call seems a part of all the old serenity of that place.

On the Trail The great affairs at Yoho are the rides, or the longer hikes. Past the bend of the road, where one turns aside for Takakkaw Falls, or beyond the Takakkaw Cabins, across the broad shingle of a creek that in summer time is shrunken to a series of little creeks brawling through the shingle, or past the side trails to Point Lace and the Angels' Stairs, we begin to mount into precipitous forests and into a great quiet, as if the quiet of cathedrals had somehow been brought into the open air. There is a sense of immortal ease among that big timber where the cariboo moss hangs its tassels from the branches. As we twine on, the ponies' hoofs fall almost without a sound on the ribbon of old loam or fallen cones and needles that is the trail.

The trail winds on through the green old peace and brings us to the end of Duchesnay Lake, where it is well worth while to ride quietly out a little way on to the sand; for moose often come there to drink, and may even be seen feeding in the lush grass at the farther end.

The Upper Valley People are apt to talk of tropic color, as though the tropics had a monopoly of color; but here already, even before we come to the flower-covered upland meadows, we have it. In high summer here, the skies are wontedly of an unfathomable blue above the spires of the tall spruce trees, and in the balsams, though they are nominally green, there lurks a sift of blue. It is there, and not there, just as the light strikes, as subtle as the bloom on peaches. Chinks of distant cliff also, between the branches, make an inlay of blue and grey-blue and the hue of pumice-stone. And sudden, among the green, there is whiteness and then the drumming of a creek. We coast a foaming little gorge, and on a long bridge crossing it look up at the rock over which it pours.

This is Laughing Falls, and we dismount and turn aside from the trail to see how it churns in the cup of rocks at its base. It is like an inverted fountain, but with the spread at its foot instead of at its top. We mount again and ride on our way to Twin Falls, and soon we see them, far and high, at an angle of maybe fifty degrees. Below us a river tom-toms, its canyon strewn with trees brought down out of the forests, criss-crossed and tossed and wild.

Twin Falls Just before we leave that view to twist on and up into the higher forests again, we have a glimpse of the gulch through which the river flows. Beyond that crevice we see the exquisite green end of a sequestered glen, a place that to those of us who remember stolen moments at school over Deadwood Dick and such heroes must inevitably suggest the secret pocket where our once idolized outlaw unbitted and unsaddled his steed and left him to feed while he took his sheriff-free ease. On again, up and up, through the wash of green lights we go. The roar of waters ebbs away; all is silent save perhaps for the mew of a cat-bird; and then we come to where the trails fork, one leading directly on to Twin Falls, one going up the valley to its end. And what an end!

For a couple of miles or so we ride farther on up the narrowing valley, coasting, rising and dipping along its slopes. There is here no great profusion of underbrush. The trees stand up like living pillars, and below them and by the trail side wild flowers flaunt and fade through the exquisite summer—tall clusters of columbine, yellow arnica, tufts of labrador tea, wild heliotrope, white hedyarum and the little low flowers of the wild raspberry. We pass as we ride evidences of old occupancy, here and there the time-darkened notches where were once marten traps, and the ruins of a trapper's cabin, the roof fallen in—what was once a cosy winter's home, a corral of sunshine now,—a berry bush, a tuft of willow-herb, a dance of butterflies. All is intensely still, hushed and tranquil. When we come to the last rise among the timber and look out on the glacier that is the valley's end, we, too, could cry: "Yo-ho!"

The Yoho Glacier There is something individual about these glaciers. They seem each to have personality and entity. To write of it now is to recall it again vividly. There it rolls and hangs, at Yoho's end, from névé to forefoot, as if it looked at us, watched us come, noted us. As we draw rein on the last spur of woods and stare out across the boulder-strewn hollow it seems in some wild unfathomable way to look back at us. We meet the Yoho Glacier.

The Yoho Glacier is as if over-laid upon the mountain crest and sides by some master jeweller whose medium is ice and rocks—colored ice, colored rocks—instead of silver and enamels. The curved top is of a whiteness beyond anything but that of what it is—névé snow. The lower seracs are each individualized in the clear air, with subtle blue shadows. Mrs. Walcott, the gifted wife of a gifted man (Dr. Charles D. Walcott of the Smithsonian Institution), and daughter of a famous mountaineer, took, over a series of years, in company with her brother, measurements of the Yoho Glacier to determine the rate of its movement.

To know such details of the lives of these great crests of snow, these pinnacles, and chasms (seracs and crevasses) of green and translucent blue, just as



Welcome Refreshment for Man and Beast.



the quality of the day's light decrees, adds to our interest, but to many of us it is the pictorial aspect that chiefly counts, that we carry away in our mind's eye. Back home again we remember the exquisite Yoho Glacier, across that vast cup of shingle and frothing streams. For it is exquisite. It does not give a sense of horror, as do some ice fields. The beauty of it triumphs over that.*

The Tea House For the majority the ride up the valley to the culminating glacier is enough for one day. One does not wish to glut the mind, does not wish to pack over-summarily into the store-house of memory too much beauty all at once. That ride from camp to where the trails fork can well be taken again without growing weary of it. But one does not, as it happens, have to return at once, for close to the Twin Falls is Twin Falls Tea House, a picturesque log-cabin house that provides meals that would be attractive anywhere, but are still more highly appreciated because they are where they are, and also have sleeping accommodation. Rising refreshed next morning, we can return by what is called the High Trail.

*Those who are interested in such matters, the technology, if one may put it so, behind the beauty and majesty that delight our eyes here, should procure the little pamphlet called *Modern Glaciers, their movements and the methods of observing them*, by William S. Vaux, a report from the Proceedings of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia; or, if that be unobtainable (and it is somewhat scarce), *Glaciers of the Rockies and Selkirks*, by A. P. Coleman, published by the Department of the Interior, Dominion Park Branch. In that brochure are also included notes of Five Great Glaciers of the Canadian National Parks, by A. O. Wheeler. Massive tomes, of course, have been written on glaciers, but either of these can easily be slipped into the pocket, and tell us much in little space.

The High Trail We are now in an ecstatic betwixt and between region. We look down on tree-tops and the white swerve of the stream. We look up at the cliff face where, in two notches, the Twin Falls pour down. They are like Takakkaw, or Laughing Falls, seen in duplicate. On a hump of confronting mountain below them, frisked about by squirrels, is the cabin where we stop for lunch. Girths are loosened, the horses are unbitted and munch oats, while we drink tea that may be the same brand as we have at home but that does not seem at all the same—some nectar instead. One might call this place the Well at the World's End!

After leaving the Twin Falls Cabin, we ride along the farther, the western edge of the valley, mounting by easy grades. We pass a little lake, still as glass, and (like glass) mirroring trees and reeds round its edges, and in its middle the sky. To our right, behind an old rock slide, towers a barrier of cliffs; and our coming is announced by the high shrill whistle of a hoary marmot. Always there seems to be one there, sitting on a rock as sentinel. It is something to have heard the lonely call of a loon, and the warning whistle of a marmot, to have glimpsed a moose in its own domain instead of to stare at it where it pines behind the bars of a numbered cage at the zoological gardens.

High Up in the World So musing we ride on upon the winding trail, looking up at the old cliff face. As we rise in the world we come to a torrent, and the log bridge over it gives us a shock. So much of the old original world has been round us that a bridge seems out of place! Crossing it we ride into one of those Alpine meadows that are just dotted with tree

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and all carpeted with purple and white bryanthus. From the odor of balsam we ride into the scent of wild flowers. Here the Indian paint-brush (both white and red) grows in clusters. To right is a tree upon which is printed: "To the A.C.C. Camp." [Alpine Club of Canada.] That is one of the ways into the Little Yoho Valley. A beautiful lesser valley abutting on the main one, a long lateral sweep of just such high flowered meadows hung round with woods, then rocks, then glacier edges.

Upland Lakelets Even as the glaciers seem each to have their individuality, their personality, so do the upland lakelets to which we come. There is one here, Lake Celeste, an exquisite expanse of water, two green mirrors for the surrounding peaks, with a narrows connecting them. Through a V of the hills to north-west of it we look to a sweep of snow; if a white cloud to match it topples above against the shimmer of the sky, the picture is complete. We have left the sound of falls and the roar of compressed waters. There is just utter quiet up here, and the sky. And a little way on we have impression of riding near to empty space, coasting cloud-land.

We are high above Yoho Valley, looking across the summer shimmer at the great Waputik snowfield. No snowfield, thus far south, is larger. Its long easy undulations invite an eye-journey. We rein in, and in fancy wander over it from where it sweeps down into Daly Glacier to where the pinnacles of Trolltinder stand fantastically to the empty dome above. We realize how infinitely we have been mounting since we left Twin Falls. We are riding in a slight depression of land, this upland meadow sweeping up slightly at its lower end instead of making an increasing grade to the cliff sides; and dismounting there, the guide invites us to come up that cup-like edge and look. We leave the horses tearing grass and walk a few yards after him.

A Spacious View Yo-ho, Yo-ho, indeed! As we come to that edge of jagged rocks, a sort of natural bastion, suddenly the sense of quiet ends. There come to us, slam, abrupt, a roar of waters and a sigh of wind. The sigh is in the tops of the forest on which we look down a thousand feet below; the roar is of all the foaming torrents blent, below again, and beyond, and everywhere, of Yoho and Takakkaw, of the Angels' Stairs and Point Lace, of Laughing Falls, of Whisky-Jack Falls, and all the other tumbling waters of that valley upon which we look down.

We know then where we are. We are somewhere on those stupendous cliffs above the Bungalow Camp that, loafing on the verandah of the community house, we recently looked up at, wondering how one could get there. It is a spot that invites us to linger. There is a feeling there as of being winged, not bound to earth. Takakkaw Falls, which from below as we rode out in the morning seemed

very high above us, are far below, across the valley; but not now white. The westering sun is on Takakkaw; the likeness to the falling dust of these rockets called Golden Rain is intensified. The foam billows and drifts; the fine spray hangs in the air like steam, but the sun has turned it to the semblance of broken opals.

Strange Scrawled Rocks The Camp from which we started we cannot see below us; it is hidden by a ledge of rock, over which Whisky-Jack Falls pour down, but away south through a gap of the tossed landscape we can pick out, in that clear air, the faint scar of the Canadian Pacific track going into the Spiral tunnels beyond the Kicking Horse River. That is one thing the High Trail gives us—a sense of spaciousness. At last we tear ourselves away, and half-a-dozen steps down the slope from that look-out ridge, suddenly, as if a door was shut, the roar of waters and the sigh of winds are obliterated. A spirit of immortal ease basks in these heath-covered high meadows. Aslant up the farther side of this one, another trail debouches, to wind away through further peace round the Little Yoho Valley and join the far end of that one the beginning of which we noted some way back, with its board announcing the way to the Alpine Club Camp.

But our way, on the High Trail, leads on through a saddle of this meadow. And there we are back at the beginning of things, seeing a bit of our planet very obviously in the making. "The strange-scrawled rocks, the lonely sky" speak to us with that "still small voice." If we have lived much in cities this grandeur and this wildness are revelations. Here, with the strewn debris of eons before us, we realize these old ages of our earth instead of just reading of them in books of geologists.

Summit Lake Topping the saddle we leave the flowers behind and begin to coast a vast slope of boulders intersected by ravines, each with its turbulent, gurly, glacial stream. That is an awe-inspiring stretch. The sure-footed ponies walk daintily here. We look up, and see the melting ends of the ice, the glacier tongues of the President Range. Ahead, a majestic cone, Mount Wapta stands in the clear day.

We can if we wish, when we come again to a fork in the trail, ride straight on into the timber and go dropping down through the woods there to Summit Lake. Here, in a meadow of red and white heather, in the midst of a most green forest, is Summit Lake Tea House—a charming log-cabin house that provides a welcome stop. In front is Summit Lake, green but tiny; behind towers the snow-streaked cone of Mount Wapta.

Or if we prefer, we can take the descending trail that leads into the woods immediately over the invisible Yoho Camp, and so home. That, for one with time to spare, is the usual procedure, for the



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- 1 From Field to Yoho Camp you can either motor or ride.
- 2 Summit Lake Tea House—A welcome rest.
- 3 Takakkaw Falls are 1,200 feet high.
- 4 The Trail over Burgess Pass—a magnificent trip.

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trail ahead through the last rocks shows us no more of the great sweep of Yoho than we have already seen.

Burgess Pass Our objective another day is beyond Summit Lake, round the shoulder of Wapta and on to Burgess Pass. It is a wonderful journey. The great crags of Wapta flaunt up to left close by. To right, at every step, there bob up higher new visions of the President Range, and then, as the trail swings south, and rises over the flanks of Wapta, it is once again for us: "Yo-ho!"

"What came we out for to see?"—"A reed shaken in the wind!" Yes, even something so. It is all here spread before us. We rest our eyes, our hearts, our minds on the grand view. We are coasting along into Burgess Pass between the height of timber and the edge of the high rocks. A little wind sighs in the spruce tops, shaking their scent in the air below; around us the wild flowers grow, tall anemones, beard's tongue, rhododendrons, Alpine milk-vetch, whole clumps of Indian paint brush, and dainty orchids.

Unless the haze of distant fires fuzzes the air (and thanks to warnings to campers and their increasing carefulness, fires become less frequent in these ranges) we have a seemingly limitless view. All the President Range looks over the intervening miles at us, and we look back and in imagination pry in its wedges of dense forest, scale its cliffs, adventure over its glaciers.

Twenty Million Years Old The guides can point out to you the way to the now well-known Burgess Pass Fossil

Quarry, which was discovered by Dr. Walcott in 1910. This quarry has yielded to science the finest and largest series of Middle Cambrian fossils yet unearthed, and the finest invertebrate fossils discovered in any formation. These wonderful specimens are now to be seen at the Institution's Museum at Washington. The shale of Burgess Pass is remarkable in that it keeps in preservation animals as non-resistant as worms and jelly-fish, even to their internal parts. When the great slabs of this shale were blasted loose they had then to be split very carefully with a chisel to expose the fossil remains in them that had been there through the long ages as flowers are pressed between the leaves of a book. For twenty million years or more these various creatures had lain there, and the significance of these discoveries regarding a wider knowledge of the making of this wonderful old planet of ours is obvious. Once that shale was mud, in which these creatures of earth's early days were embedded. There they remained through the slow ages, subjected to the pressure of that mud, and of sand and pebbles, till all was changed by that pressure and by chemicalization into sandstone, shale, limestone. Then came the lateral thrusts upraising these mountain ranges till what had been river bed became mountain summit; and

there, in the peaks between Field and the Yoho Valley, all manner of queer things that had once, ages and ages ago, slithered in ooze, were elevated intact and kept for the curious twentieth century geologist to pry loose.*

Yoho Pass You will remember that we paused at Summit Lake. Here you can rest a while—even sleep over the night, for the Tea House has accommodation for 12. Summit Lake is 6,020 feet above sea level! And before you is another breath-taking ride—the trail trip down the Yoho Pass to Emerald Lake.

Down, down, down, while the forest folds you about! Steeper, and steeper! The pony breathes heavily, and you twist in your saddle a little awed to find so vast a portion of the world beneath you.

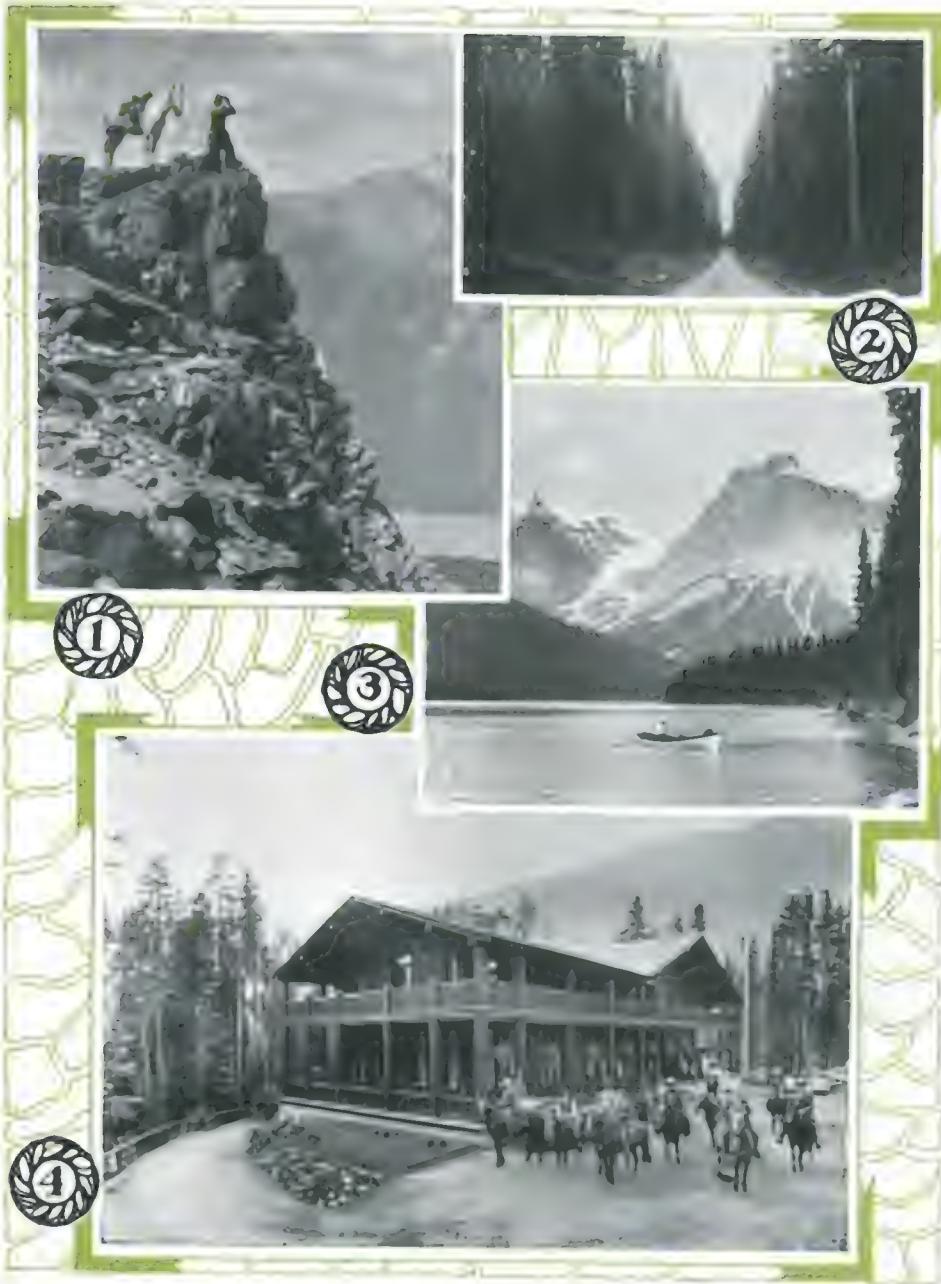
But presently you leave the forest and emerge upon a treeless cliff, and go zigzagging down across glacial moraine rocks. About half-way down there is revealed a splendid view of Emerald Falls, seeming to gush directly from the turquoise vault into which Emerald Peak pushes its graceful head. A long, silver streak it drops, spreads into a rainbow fan, then hurtles downward to the great boulders that convert it into a lashing, lunging cascade.

And then you clatter over boulder-strewn flats and cross noisy mountain brooks as the full beauty of Emerald Lake breaks upon you. The trail is around the far side of the lake, with the Chalet directly opposite against the sharp outline of Mount Burgess. Eighteen hundred feet you have descended by the time you rein up at the Chalet's hospitable door.

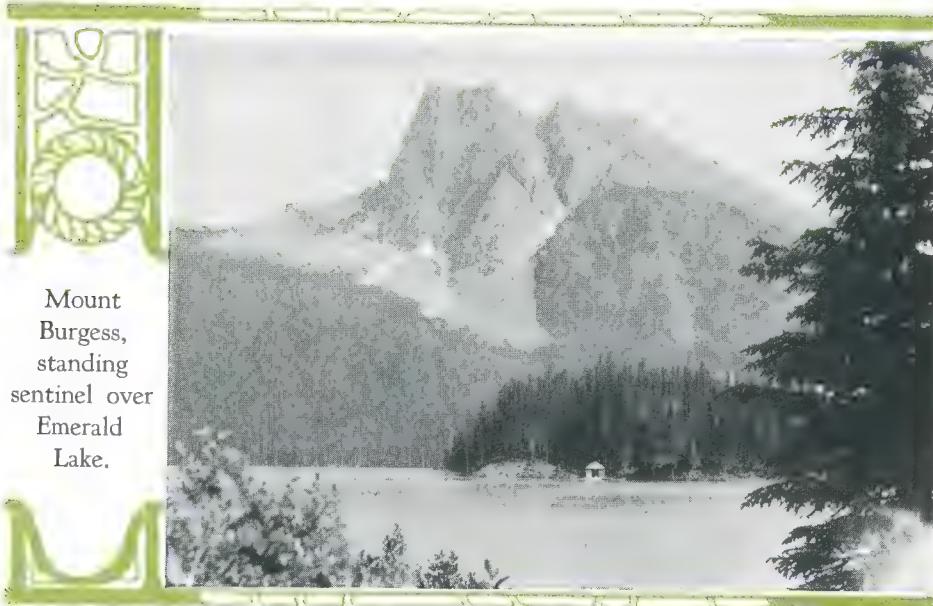
Emerald Lake Emerald Lake is considered by artists who have visited it as one of the most exquisite spots in the Canadian Rockies. No blending of pigment, no symphony on muted strings, no lyric penned by the hand of man ever interpreted the tender harmony of that strangely peaceful region, where verdure of infinite variety dominates the landscape, offers rest to the wearied eye and suggests a pause in the flight of a winged and adventurous spirit. Emerald Lake breathes a serenity that defies description.

Oh, the rare loveliness of it! Too small to mirror the soaring peaks that almost surround it, it reflects the wooded slopes with flawless accuracy; and patches of snow which the sun has forgotten, sprawling at the water's edge, repeat themselves like tufts of woolly clouds afloat on the jade surface. Far more often than not, the lake is jade instead of Emerald; and more than that, it is *jade-au-lait*, with the peculiar milkeness that characterizes all glacial water.

*To the geologist the whole region is intensely interesting. We commend to our readers who are interested in the subject *A Geologist's Paradise*, which is a paper reprinted in booklet form (by Judd and Detweiler, Inc., Washington, D.C.) from the *National Geographic Magazine* of June, 1911, by Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. It includes a panoramic view photograph taken from the side of Mount Burgess with a circuit camera, showing the whole sweep of mountains from the Van Horne range to Mount Dennis.



1 The summit of Burgess Pass.
2 Snowpeak Avenue, on the road out to Emerald Lake.
3 Emerald Lake—of a most beautiful color.
4 Emerald Lake Chalet, reached over the Yoho Pass.



Mount
Burgess,
standing
sentinel over
Emerald
Lake.

The Chalet Emerald Lake Chalet is built of great squared timbers, fortress-like in their solidity. A large extension has been built in keeping with the original building. It is a rendezvous of picturesqueness and spaciousness. To it has also been added bungalow camp annexe. If you're never lived in a log-cabin bungalow, with a hardwood floor, electric light, running water, real bedsteads, a clothes cupboard, a funny little drum stove, AND a private bath (should your reservation have been made early enough), then you simply haven't lived at all! There is accommodation for 120 at Emerald Lake, 40 in the Chalet and 80 more in the adjacent bungalows.

The Club-house, a few yards from the Chalet, is a charming rustic building, with a hardwood floor kept in splendid condition for dancing, with writing desks, card tables, a piano, a Victrola and lounges; and with a gaping fireplace that gobbles up each evening a ration of logs which 20 years ago would have cost the average Dawson miner his season's gleanings.

Snowpeak Avenue There are some very delightful hikes and trail trips at Emerald Lake—there is even some fishing, but if you are going into Field and not back over the Yoho Pass again, there is a magnificent seven-mile drive along what is well-named Snowpeak Avenue, through a deep forest scented with balsam, spruce and pine.

Snowpeak Avenue is part of this pungent journey; only a small part, but imagine a two-mile stretch of straight roadway, margined by slender pines whose heads nod a stately salutation as you pass, and permit now and again a glimpse of robin's-egg sky about the width of a small girl's sash. Then close your eyes still tighter and imagine this straight driveway blocked by a glittering pinnacle crowned with a diadem of blue-white snow. Emerald Peak lies to the north, Mount Goodsir to the south—natural focal points that some artist must have pictured in his dreams.





On the Trail in the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

T r a i l R i d i n g

The Mountain Pony

A trail trip into the depths of the mountains forms, indeed, the most enjoyable way of visiting beautiful spots that would not otherwise be accessible. It affords good scenery, often good fishing, and a glimpse into the heart of nature which will be worth "more than many books."

The mountain pony, mountain-bred, fool-proof, untiring, can be ridden by practically anyone, whether he or she has ever before been on a horse or not. From all hotels and bungalow camps in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, there are good roads and trails radiating in all directions, which are kept up by the National Parks Department. In Rocky Mountains Park alone there are 700 miles of good trails. Some trail trips are of one day's duration only; others stretch over several days, necessitating carrying camping outfit. It is customary, on all long trips and even on some short ones, to engage guides who supply horses, tents, food, etc., and do the necessary cooking.

Trail Riders' Association Those who have ridden fifty miles or upwards in the Canadian Rockies are qualified for membership in the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies,

which, by its annual pow-wow, affords an unusual opportunity for those interested in trail-riding to get together. The aims of the Trail Riders' Association are, principally, to "encourage travel on horseback through the Canadian Rockies; to foster the maintenance and improvement of old trails and the building of new trails; to advocate and practise consideration for horses, and to promote the breeding of saddle horses suitable for high altitudes; to foster good-fellowship among those who visit and live in these glorious mountains; to encourage the love of out-door life, the study and conservation of birds, wild animals and alpine flowers; to protect the forests against fire; to assist in every way possible to ensure the complete preservation of the National Parks of Canada for the use and enjoyment of the public; to create an interest in Indian customs, costumes and traditions; to encourage the preservation of historic sites as related to the fur-trade and early explorers, and to co-operate with other organizations with similar aims."

Membership is of several grades, according to the distance ridden, viz.:—50, 100, 500, 1,000 and 2,500 miles.

Under the auspices of the Trail Riders' Association, and under the direction of Colonel Phil. A. Moore, Circle Trail Rides will be operated during July and August from Lake Louise around those of the Bungalow Camps which are situated in Yoho National Park. This trip will last six days, with the following itinerary:—

First day—Motor or ride to Wapta Camp. After lunch, ride to Lake O'Hara Camp.

Second day—Side trip to Lake McArthur, spending the night in a new cabin and tent-camp on McArthur Creek.

Third day—Ride from McArthur Creek down the Ottertail trail to Emerald Lake.

Fourth day—From Emerald Lake ride over Yoho Pass to Yoho Valley Camp.

Fifth day—Side trip to Twin Falls, spending the night at Yoho Camp.

Sixth day—Ride over Burgess Pass to Field, and motor or ride back to Emerald Lake.

The rates for these Circle Trips are undecided at the time of going to press, but will probably be about \$10.00 per day, inclusive (except for the Emerald Lake day, which will be \$12.00). Col. Moore's office will be at Lake Louise.

Another Circle Trip, lasting four days and under the same auspices, will be operated weekly from Banff to Stoney Creek, Sawback Lakes, and Mystic Lake, with good fishing en route. Riders on this trip must bring their own sleeping bags and blankets.

Trail Riders cabins, supplemented by teepees, will be at each camp.

The Annual Official ride of the Trail Riders' Association will be from Banff to Mount Assiniboine, returning via the Simpson Pass. It starts on August 4th, 1927, and lasts six days. Rates \$70.00. Reservations must be made at least fourteen days in advance to the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. M. Gibbon, Room 324, Windsor Station, Montreal, or to Col. Phil. A. Moore, Chateau Lake Louise, who will be in charge of the Trail Ride.



WAPTA CAMP

The Magic Key "Amusement Park" is by no means an inaccurate description of Camp Wapta, for it is the Magic Key that unlocks some of the most enchanting districts in the Rocky Mountains.

Just after the westbound train on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway leaves the Great Divide—where passengers delight in drinking from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at one and the same time, where they can walk from Alberta to British Columbia and back again in the space of a few seconds, and where (at the suggestion of an imaginative porter) they perform all manner of ritual in the hope of conquering rheumatism, indigestion, neuritis, financial distress, romantic infelicities, or a general misdirection of the Evil Eye—just after leaving this point, you start on a noticeable descent and coast down to Hector Station. Two ancient totem poles give you an impassive welcome, and mark the way to the launch that meets all trains.

The Great Divide At Hector you are about two and a half miles from the Great Divide, and one hundred feet below the summit of the crest. Lake Wapta, spreading at your feet, does not look half a mile long or a quarter of a mile wide, as the guide-books say. Like most of the Rocky Mountain lakes, its color is an indescribable green, varying in shade with every whim of the atmosphere—jade, emerald, apple, grass—and looking frequently as though gallons of rich yellow cream had leaked into it.

There's a gentleman in the launch, obviously an old-timer. He points down the lake to where a narrow passage has just swallowed up the train.

"Kicking Horse Pass," he says, in a geological tone of voice, "the head of Kicking Horse Canyon.

Up there," he indicates a peak emerging from the sky-line, "live the ancestors, one might say, of the river—the Lefroy and Victoria glaciers. More intimate relationship is traced with Lake O'Hara, however. Cataract Brook, just behind you, brings down a great volume of water from O'Hara, and empties into Lake Wapta. The Kicking Horse River, whose immediate source is this lake, stretches out forty miles in length, and in that distance it has a drop of 2,700 feet. Originally, it was called Wapta, which to the Stoney and Kootenays meant 'River.'

The Horse That Kicked "Of recent years a crag in the Pass, somewhat in the likeness of a horse, has caused some to give that as the origin of the name, but as a matter of fact, the river was renamed to commemorate an accident that befell Sir James Hector while he was exploring this stream in 1858."

The launch is scraping the dock when he adds: "This Kicking Horse Valley long ante-dated the glacial period. The river lived its childhood at a time when the upward lift of the mountains was just beginning, when Victoria and Stephen and Cathedral were insignificant ledges, some 4,000 feet lower than they stand to-day."

You scramble ashore, alarmed lest he should continue, lest that buoyant, golden air be freighted with such ponderous terms as "Archeozoic," or "Silurian," or "Miocene." Somehow, that wouldn't seem decent—on this kind of a morning!

What a View! Wapta Camp Club House veranda welcomes you with a variety of lounge chairs, into one of which you sink.

Multi-colored Iceland poppies fringe the steps you have just climbed; Indian paint-brush and



Sherbrooke
Lake—a
delightful
excursion
from
Wapta.



columbine and fire-weed spread a gay mantle over the slope, on which a cluster of rustic cabins are also strewn; the lake—an immense area of apple-green glass—reflects a powder-puffy cloud, and presently you discern two ducks bobbing about near the shore. They used to provide great amusement for the Wapta guests, more than one of whom will corroborate the statement that at the first blast of the whistle the ducks would appear and race the train the entire length of the lake!

Beyond the lake and the railway a high plateau rises. It is guarded by Narao on the left, and on the right by Cathedral Crags. A straggling growth of trees creates the illusion of perpetual cloud-shadows, and puzzles you on a dull and sunless day. From the verandah, you can see stern Mount Stephen (named after the first president of the Canadian Pacific), and Victoria, who takes off her alabaster crown and rests her old gray head through most of the summer, but who always wears a gleaming, opalescent scarf of snow and ice. And were your vision sufficiently penetrating to pierce that glacier, you could look right through to lovely Lake Louise.

A Giant Up there beyond Narao, when the **Obelisk** valley between it and Victoria is crowded with mist, you will see a giant obelisk glide out of the void, and refresh your soul with its simple grandeur. It is the Watch Tower and its Sentinel—a monumental peak of mystery, impossible to discern save under certain atmospheric conditions, but surpassingly impressive in its emergence.

First, you must have lunch. Yes, of course, it's sordid to think of food in these inspiring surroundings, but the urge is irresistible after you've heard the note of a curious, three-tiered bell that hangs

on the verandah. Heaven knows what its Arabic characters signify, for it is a *camel procession bell*, whose message probably concerns itself with prayers for water or for rain—both superfluous in this land of mountain freshets! But a literal translation is ignored in an assault upon the dining room, where quaint Spanish china fraternizes with English pottery in harmonious yellows and golds; and the quantity of food at which you protested disappears as though some magician's hand had spirited it away.

From the dining room you can see a blue-toned apartment, dedicated to correspondence and the game of bridge. The brasses and bronzes and chintzes, the general artistry of effect, rouse a hint of envy in your soul, and you are apt to say, "I wish I could achieve a room like that!" The Curio Shop will help, for beside Indian blankets, hair hat-bands, old English prints, batik, and less expensive souvenirs, there is many an *objet d'art* that will offer suggestions and tempt you to buy.

Sherbrooke Lake Subduing the delicious languor that threatens to culminate in a nap, you set out for Sherbrooke Lake. The best reason for riding is that you're too lazy to walk. Five miles covers the round trip, and the trail is beautifully wooded most of the way. Early in the season a hundred varieties of wild flowers offer their perfume and their blithe colors for your delight; later, a profusion of berries tempts you to test statistics regarding the capacity of the human stomach. As you rise, step by step, the world becomes full of mountain peaks, and you are conscious of a new sensation, a very pleasing sensation. You have grown—attained a mental and spiritual stature that synchronizes with the surrounding grandeur. Little things have fallen away. With every deep-drawn breath, you feel a



1



2



3



1

1 These Indian totem-poles came from Vancouver Island.

2 One of the sleeping bungalows, Wapta Camp.

3 Both Sherbrooke and Wapta Lakes afford trout fishing.

4 A corner of the Club House, Wapta Camp.



Kicking
Horse
Canyon Tea
House, near
Wapta
Camp.



closer kindship with the Giver of all Great Gifts; you look about for the lesser gods, secure in the sense that the mountain fastnesses belong also to you.

A Hanging Lake Sherbrooke lies in a depression between Mount Ogden and Paget Peak. It receives into its alluring green deeps water from the Daly Glacier, whose great tongue forms the marvel known as Takakkaw Falls, in Yoho Valley. Not the least interesting feature of a sojourn in the Rockies is linking up lake and glacier, trail and crag; tracing tribal beginnings, as it were, discovering relationships in this vast picture gallery that Nature and the Canadian Pacific have opened.

A mile long, and 700 feet above Wapta, Sherbrooke is an excellent example of a "hanging lake," provided a lake in a hanging valley may be so called. If you are an irreclaimable fisherman, you will take trout from Sherbrooke, but otherwise you will agree that it is little short of criminal to tempt the poor things to leave their beautiful ice-cold home.

There is a row-boat riding gently at anchor, and lying on your back in it, staring at the sky which is thick and blue and empty like a desert, you rock and drift without a care, without a thought, wrapped about in the caress of that unreliable companion, Contentment, whose merit is too often ignored until its presence is withdrawn.

Avalanches Very curious is the sensation when half of your horse has achieved the angle of the switchback and the other half has not. Fervently you hope he will not break in two. He takes the trail without haste, presuming possibly that you will want to watch avalanches tumbling

down Mount Stephen. They look like a cloud of feathers, and several seconds pass before you hear the roar. A silly little toy train, with two engines, crawls up the canyon of the Kicking Horse. A tinier launch slides across the green pool down there, and leaves a band of watered ribbon in its wake. You look about for Santa Claus, or perhaps a small boy who ought to be somewhere near operating these mechanical devices. Rounding a curve, a cluster of doll-houses comes into view. Why, they must be Wapta Camp, although you can scarcely believe it!

Next morning the sun is singing a golden melody when you awake. Pushing off the mound of gay red blankets, you throw a match into the stove, and almost immediately your cabin is flooded with pungent warmth. No camping was ever like this—a spacious house all your own, hardwood floors, screened windows, a verandah, a clothes cupboard, an insomnia-proof bed, electric light, running water; and outside, Rocky Mountains rising all around you, calling their lavender-shadowed peaks.

An enormous fire is burning in the dining room. Morning and evening it greets you, and you simply can't believe that people in the cities are being prostrated by the heat.

Kicking Horse Canyon Someone suggests the Canyon Tea House for lunch and bridge. You really should walk the glorious three miles, but you've taken a fancy to that mettlesome horse; and besides, you're trying for a Trail Rider's gold-button—a modest decoration that will tell the world you have explored five hundred miles of Canadian Rocky Mountain trails. Every mile counts!

No need to take a guide. Turn westward and proceed down the old bed of the railway, now part of the motor road connecting Yoho, Emerald Lake,



On the
Trail out
to Sher-
brooke
Lake.

Field and Wapta with Lake Louise. The Kicking Horse Canyon is called by the geological gentleman "a young canyon." Its vertical walls rise 300 feet in places, and they are filled with the clamor of rushing waters, drowning the noise of the upcoming train. Very suggestive of the pass beside the Bow River into Banff is the Canyon of the Kicking Horse. Its width (before the construction of the motor highway) was just sufficient to admit the railway tracks.

The Spiral Tunnels A few yards below the narrowest spot, on the right, you will notice a cataract that looks like liquid beryl. It comes direct from Sherbrooke Lake, and flings itself into the Kicking Horse as though determined to tear the very soul from the patient earth. In one mile it drops 800 feet.

The Canyon presses in upon you, a roofless tunnel. Far below, the Kicking Horse hews its frenzied way between rust-colored rocks to whose unfriendly sides cling shrubs and even trees. The walls of stone lean towards one another, as though trying to heal the scar cut by the plunging river. Each bend of the road is barricaded by crenellated ridges that dip and rise and sway and swim, while fleets of cloud in a cobalt sea stand motionless above them.

Presently you command an excellent view of the Spiral Tunnels, constructed by the Canadian Pacific to overcome this too-rapid descent through the Canyon. The Upper Tunnel lies in the base of Cathedral Mountain, and is 3,255 feet long. The lower one, which can be seen so clearly from the road, cuts through Mount Ogden, and measures 2,922 feet. By building these tunnels, the line was

lengthened about four and a half miles, but the grade was reduced from 4.5 per cent to 2.2.

The Tea House The Tea House is a gem of rustic beauty. It is so artistically placed and fashioned that it seems to have grown up with the mountains. Perched on a bluff overlooking a deep-bosomed, purple valley, it commands a superb view of the Waputik Ice Fields and the Habel Glacier. From the front verandah you will thrill at the sight of Cathedral Spires.

Unless this booklet is to be read on the spot, it would not be kind of me to recall the deep raspberry and blueberry pies! Nor the other items on the menu—and I hate to think of the futility of doing exercises when one eats a meal like that! But—this is the truth, mind!—*nothing happens!* You don't get ill, or explode. But you don't play bridge either. You just sit spell-bound, drunk with the wonder of the place, hypnotized by its enveloping splendor. The sun is hazy and hot. Every breath of wind is heavy with the odor of balsam. A recurrence of that emotion you felt when climbing to Sherbrooke steals over you—the world seems better than ever before; the people, nicer.

When supper is served, you are still there, staring off to where the sky is dropping stealthily over Yoho Valley.

And then the mountains are fused with the fires of sunset. Day dies, and its ghost comes forth. In the distance there is endless passing of substance into shadow and shadow into substance. A star quivers above a tree that looks like a tall, black candle.

It's time to go home. But life isn't, after all, such a deadly bove.

Motoring in the Canadian Pacific Rockies

The programme of road construction carried on by the National Parks Branch of the Canadian Department of the Interior will reach a high point this year with the opening of the new "Kicking Horse Trail." This road continues the existing Banff-Field road—from which branches lead to Emerald Lake and the Yoho Valley—from Field to Leanchoil, the western boundary of Yoho National Park, thereby completing the traverse of that Park. At Leanchoil it connects with a new British Columbia

province highway to Golden, on the Columbia Valley. From Golden an existing road leads south to the Windermere Valley, joining at that point the famous Banff-Windermere automobile highway.

A complete circle trip through the most magnificent scenery of the Canadian Pacific Rockies, from any point back to the starting place without once traversing the same ground, will thus be possible. The Bungalow Camps en route offer convenient sleeping or dining accommodation.

A Three-Day Circle Trip will be operated from Banff every Tuesday and Thursday this summer, commencing June 30th. The itinerary is as follows:—

First day—Banff to Storm Mountain Camp, Marble Canyon, Vermilion River Camp, and Radium Hot Springs Camp.

Second day—Radium Hot Springs Camp to Columbia River Valley, Golden, Kicking Horse River and Emerald Lake.

Third day—Emerald Lake to Yoho Valley Camp, Wapta Camp, the Great Divide, Lake Louise, Johnston Canyon and Banff.

The trip can be commenced equally well from Lake Louise or any intermediate point. The rate is \$30.00 per person, not including meals or sleeping accommodation en route.

Ross Lake A picnic ground par excellence is Ross Lake, which lies in the opposite direction, off what is known as the Lake Louise Upper Trail.

There is an element of adventure in starting for this point, because, unlike Sherbrooke, the Canyon or O'Hara, Ross Lake is not inevitably at the end of the trail. Directions for finding it are a medley of blazed trees, fallen branches, forked streams and sundry other forest landmarks—interesting, but not perceptibly helpful. Armed with such, however, you mount your horse, take your lunch, turn eastward, and hope you can guess when you've gone four and a half miles.

What does it matter if you follow a few wrong by-ways? You can always come back parallel to the railroad; you can always rest on a fallen tree and watch Mount Bosworth, where, like as not, a sheep or two will be scrambling. Near at hand, you may surprise a deer—or he may surprise you—or a bear, or a porcupine; and, of course, there are hundreds of greedy, inquisitive gophers.

Be not deceived by the little green stain lying in a dry sandy stretch just beside the track. This is only Sink Lake, the bottom of which is said to be quicksand.

Cathedral Silence Ross Lake lies hidden between Niblock and Narao. A wall of jealous trees guards it from a surprise attack. It breaks upon your vision little by little and grudgingly. Over a carpet of moss at least three feet thick, and patterned with twin-flowers, you tip-toe to the water's edge. Cathedral silence lies upon the world. No, not quite, for the drumming of plunging falls—a sound with which you are now familiar—breaks through the stillness.

That waterfall leaps from the very sky, and makes a silver seam down the face of the rock. Perhaps, like clouds, it has a silver lining. Numerous smaller cataracts glisten in the sun. They appear, not from any visible source, but as ex-subterranean channels through the moraine.





LAKE O'HARA CAMP

Beauty Unadorned

If you must have the glories of Rocky Mountain scenery plus such trappings of modern luxury as magnificent hotels, elaborate meals, dance halls, golf courses, automobiles and swarms of visitors, go to Banff or Louise. O'Hara's appeal is rather to those who prefer to take their scenery straight. To these, the fact that the only way to reach O'Hara is on foot or by pony, and that the accommodation at the lake is confined to a log chalet and a group of small cabins, so modest and so happily conceived that they seem to melt into their background, are counted as not the least of its many advantages. They refuse to admit that a grate fire and comfortable chairs, hot and cold water baths, simple but well-cooked meals, and beds that are a benediction to tired bodies, should be classed as modern luxuries. At any rate one has yet to hear of the visitor to O'Hara who gave these conspicuous features of the Camp anything but his whole-hearted blessing.

Which is the Lovelier? It would be extremely difficult to say which of these two glorious mountain lakes—O'Hara or Louise—is the more beautiful. Each has its own incredible and indescribable colour, a colour that is seldom constant for more than a short time, that sometimes changes with bewildering rapidity under the influence of passing cloud or wind, like a gigantic opal. Each has its marvellous setting of mountain peak and glacier and forest, seemingly incomparable until the other is seen. If the eye travels from the glory of Louise up to its matchless background and back again to the exquisite lake, and concludes that this is Nature's supreme masterpiece, the vision of O'Hara, set like a priceless

jewel in its circle of glittering peaks, compels one to the same decision.

On the Way to O'Hara

There are several routes to Lake O'Hara, but the most convenient and favourite one is the trail from Wapta, which leads round the lower end of the beautiful circular lake out of which the Kicking Horse River cuts its blustering way. A few hundred yards west of Cataract Brook you push into a timbered area and gain the top of a barren plateau across which Narao (left) and Cathedral (right) regard one another haughtily. For about three miles you canter along a level plain, and then the ascent is rapid. Emerging from the jade temple of a forest, you enter an alpine garden where the botanist can count seventy-five varieties of wild flowers in half as many minutes. Delicate as a muted harmony, many of them, others flame with regal insolence, and the whole meadow is so thickly carpeted that picking your way through it without damaging some of the blossoms is utterly impossible. The siren-song of a cascade calls; you push on, passing through a grove of spruces, and the richly colored waters of Lake O'Hara invite your admiration.

An Earthly Paradise

There is something about the very stillness of these mountain solitudes that is appealing. One conceives that it might become appalling to some restless souls, but to the average man or woman, fresh from the unfettered clamor of modern city life, it bears the magic of cool, compassionate fingers upon a fevered head. Think of it! One comes from hard, wearing labor in a hot, dusty town; from the nerve-wracking discordances of city streets; from a hodge-



Lake McArthur,
in an
amphitheatre
of peaks.



podge of smells in which those of gasoline and hot asphalt are only minor evils—to the heart of this earthly paradise. One sinks down upon a mossy bank and breathes in the life-giving air of the mountains, pure, fresh, pine-scented. One feels the soothing harmony of this enchanted spot; the gentle surf in the treetops on the mountain-side and the almost indistinguishable murmur of wavelets on the shore. A lone sandpiper curtsies on a rock and a couple of wild-ducks bob up and down on the lake. An eagle soars up in the cloudless sky, his keen eyes alert for some unwary marmot. One's eyes are drawn up and up to the glorious peaks that stand guard about O'Hara—Wiwaxy's jagged top sharply defined against the skyline, the towering mass of Huber, the white splendour of Victoria and Lefroy, and the encircling majesty of Yukness, Hungabee, Biddle, Schaeffer and Odaray, with the vast towers of Cathedral in the distance. There had been smoke in the mountains, but a blessed rain had driven it away and brought back that exquisite color and melody, freshness and fragrance that nature keeps for her own. This is O'Hara, the joy and the despair of artists.

Lake O'Hara was discovered by J. J. McArthur of the Dominion Land Survey, and for its name geography is indebted to an Indian Army Officer, who spent much time camping here—who might be said to be the first tourist to penetrate this district.

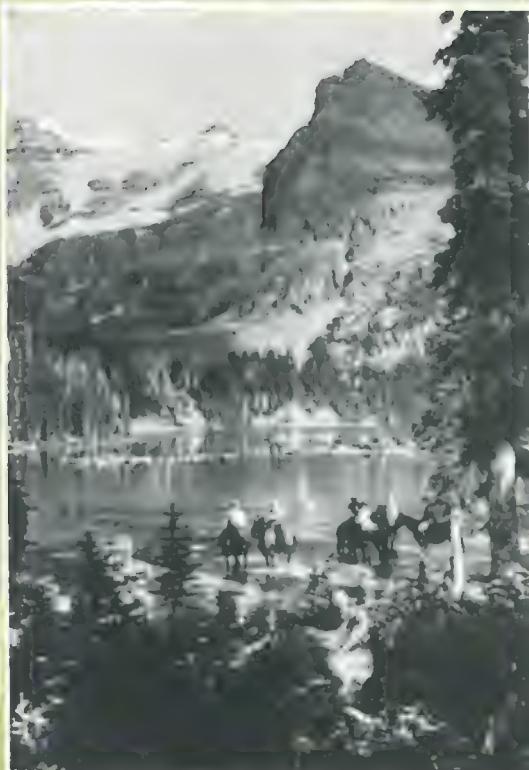
The Bungalow Camp It is a far cry from the primitive tents and tepees of Colonel O'Hara to the cosy camp that is one of the most picturesque and attractive resorts in the Rockies. It is the kind of a place one dreams of finding at the trail's end: a rustic building, on the shore of the lake, built

on the style of a Swiss Chalet, of huge logs, and surrounded by ever so many bungalows under the trees.

The interior of the Chalet is charming. The ceiling extends to the full height of the building, and a number of sleeping apartments open off the balcony that runs around four sides of the room, which is furnished with a rustic simplicity that is not too rustic to be comfortable. There are long, low chairs and lounges arranged about a blazing log fire, and gaily decorated tables in front of the windows facing the Lake, where you attend three times a day to your more material needs. Perhaps you think that food would be unimportant in these inspirational surroundings, but here the mountain air is buoyant and fresh, and you find that at meal times your interest is almost equally divided between the delicious dishes set before you by dainty waitresses in Swiss costumes, and the sight of the sun playing on the green surface of Lake O'Hara and the wooded slopes of the surrounding mountains.

You can either sleep in the Chalet or in one of the little log-cabins that are strewn on the lake shore—together they will accommodate about 38 guests. Some people prefer the Chalet because there is a real bathroom there with hot and cold water, while others like the idea of going to sleep in a little house of their own and watching the moonlight shining across the placid lake.

Lake McArthur Carefree you set out from your cabin at O'Hara to see some, at least, of the worth-while things that are to be seen and enjoyed in this little world of lakes and waterfalls, mountains and alpine meadows and cool forest depths. It is a wrench



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- 1 Lake O'Hara (Photograph by Leonard Frank)
- 2 Lake Oesa—Lake of baby icebergs.
- 3 The world is His—or at least, Abbot Pass is.
- 4 Lake O'Hara got its name from a real Irishman.



Lake
O'Hara
Camp.



to leave the shores of O'Hara, but there are advantages in tramping away from it to see other sights, for one returns by one trail or another to a lake that is never quite the same, from varying points of view and under ever-changing conditions of light and shade and atmosphere, but always rarely beautiful.

The trail to Lake McArthur is neither long nor particularly difficult. It leads up from the shore of O'Hara through the timber to the old O'Hara Camp. On the way one turns off to the left to visit a little tarn in the heart of the woods. Trees crowd down to its shore on every side as if to protect it from intrusion, and far above towers a mighty peak on guard.

The old Camp is deserted save by gophers and pack rats, and one gets that feeling of almost intolerable loneliness that is never associated with nature, but broods over human habitations that are no longer inhabited. In the stillness a sudden crash in one of the cabins becomes startling. One suspects that a bear has managed to get trapped, but on reconnoitring through a window, it turns out to be nothing more formidable than a gopher who, in his inquisitive scampering about the room, has managed to overturn an empty box standing on the edge of a high shelf.

Unearthly Beauty From the Camp the trail to Mc-Beauty climbs steadily through the forest, emerging finally on a green meadow of some extent with a shallow pond in the midst of it. Here the trail forks, one branch leading up to the flanks of Odaray and McArthur Pass, and the other to McArthur Lake. Here one has to negotiate a short bit of steep trail around the shoulder of Mount Schaeffer. Up and up it zigzags, until at length we scramble up the last

few feet and find ourselves in a rocky basin, a high valley about 7,300 feet above the sea. From the entrance, looking back, there is a splendid view down the Ottertail Valley, with the trail from McArthur winding up its opposite side.

Turning about we look anxiously for the lake, but it is nowhere in sight. Surely this cannot be the wrong trail! We climb over the rocks, and suddenly it is there below—a thing of unearthly beauty—in the foreground a little turf and a few flowers—sombre peaks towering above it—no sound but the lapping of the waves and the sound of a little waterfall on the right. And its colour? Blue, every conceivable shade of blue—*aquamarine*—*sapphire*—*cerulean*—a glorious gem, its surface covered with dancing points of silver; a vast shield of damascened steel. Walter D. Wilcox in his "Rockies of Canada" points out that McArthur is one of the few mountain lakes whose waters are unmistakably blue—often the very blue of the sky—as though a bit of the heavens had fallen to earth. And the reflected colors, despite the sombre cliffs that surround the lake, range throughout the blues, lilacs and purples to bronze and gold.

No animal sound, not even the remote whistle of a marmot, disturbs its serenity. One feels in the presence of something divine. This is a place of the Gods, that must be approached with reverent feet. Neither chalet, nor tent, nor any suggestion of human habitation mark its shores. An empty milk tin lies among the pebbles, and no sense of humour prevents one from taking it away from this spot where it seems to be as entirely out of place as in the aisle of some noble cathedral.

Moonlight! The return trail reveals new wonders of the mountains, gigantic ridges and pinnacles and pyramids, dazzling summits,



- 1 One of the sleeping cabins, Lake O'Hara Camp.
- 2 Lake O'Hara—Cathedral Mountain beyond.
- 3 Bathing in glacial waters is not recommended—but it's done.
- 4 From the névé of Mount Odaray, looking towards Oesa.

Lake O'Hara Bungalow Camp

sombre slopes, deep valleys, silver threads of idstant streams. We scramble down the steep descent and rest for a while in the meadow, finding relief from the almost overpowering beauty of McArthur in the song of birds and the graciousness of flowers. A swim in the secluded waters of the lakelet in the forest prepares one for the evening meal at O'Hara.

O'Hara by moonlight! Every aspect of this wonderful lake is memorable, but one must carry away unforgettable memories of O'Hara glowing softly in the light of a full moon. The air is chilly at this hour, but one forgets all physical discomforts as the silver disk creeps up behind an ebony peak, throwing it into sharp outline; then slowly emerges, hovers for a moment on the very summit like a glorious pearl, and sails out over the lake whose velvet depths receive its other self.

The Legend of the Waterfall It is at this enchanted hour that you can sometimes hear

the song of the Seven Sisters

Waterfall. It is a sad song like the falling of millions of tears, and it tells the story of how the fairies were driven out of their heaven. Long, long ago, it was, when the world was very young, a group of dryads and naiads asked Mother Nature to give them a playground that would be indisputably their own. They begged for a distant and secret place, free from the intrusion of giants and titans and satyrs, and so, with her finger on her lips, Mother Nature led them to a mile-long jewel, nearly seven thousand feet above the sea, and hidden partially by the copper skirts of Wiwaxy, partially by the towering ramparts of Lefroy, and partially by a fortress of trees standing so close together that the sun is defeated when he tries to throw a blanket over its shimmering surface.

Blue as a sapphire, green as a peacock's tail-feathers, amethyst and rose, this little lake was the playground of fairy-folk for many a long year. Then, one day, a curious two-legged creature who had lost his horns and tail along with his immortality strayed into the hidden garden. Following him there came a soft-treading, fleet-footed Indian, and later a trapper or two. It was terrible when, for the first time, the fairy-folk heard a gun fired at one of their gentle companions. In a panic, they fled to the far end of the lake, and besought protection of the Giant Lefroy. And the benign old rocks gathered them in a sheltering embrace—and there they are to-day, the Seven Sisters waterfall, mingling their tears in an agony of bereavement over their lost paradise.

The Crystal Cave Among the other worth while things in the O'Hara district is the trip to Crystal Cave. The scramble up will seem arduous enough to the average climber, but the view from there is a high reward. The Cave itself is not particularly remarkable, for it is now nearly closed. Only the mouth

remains open, but some pieces of rock are very white and clear. The trip from the Chalet and return can be made in a morning.

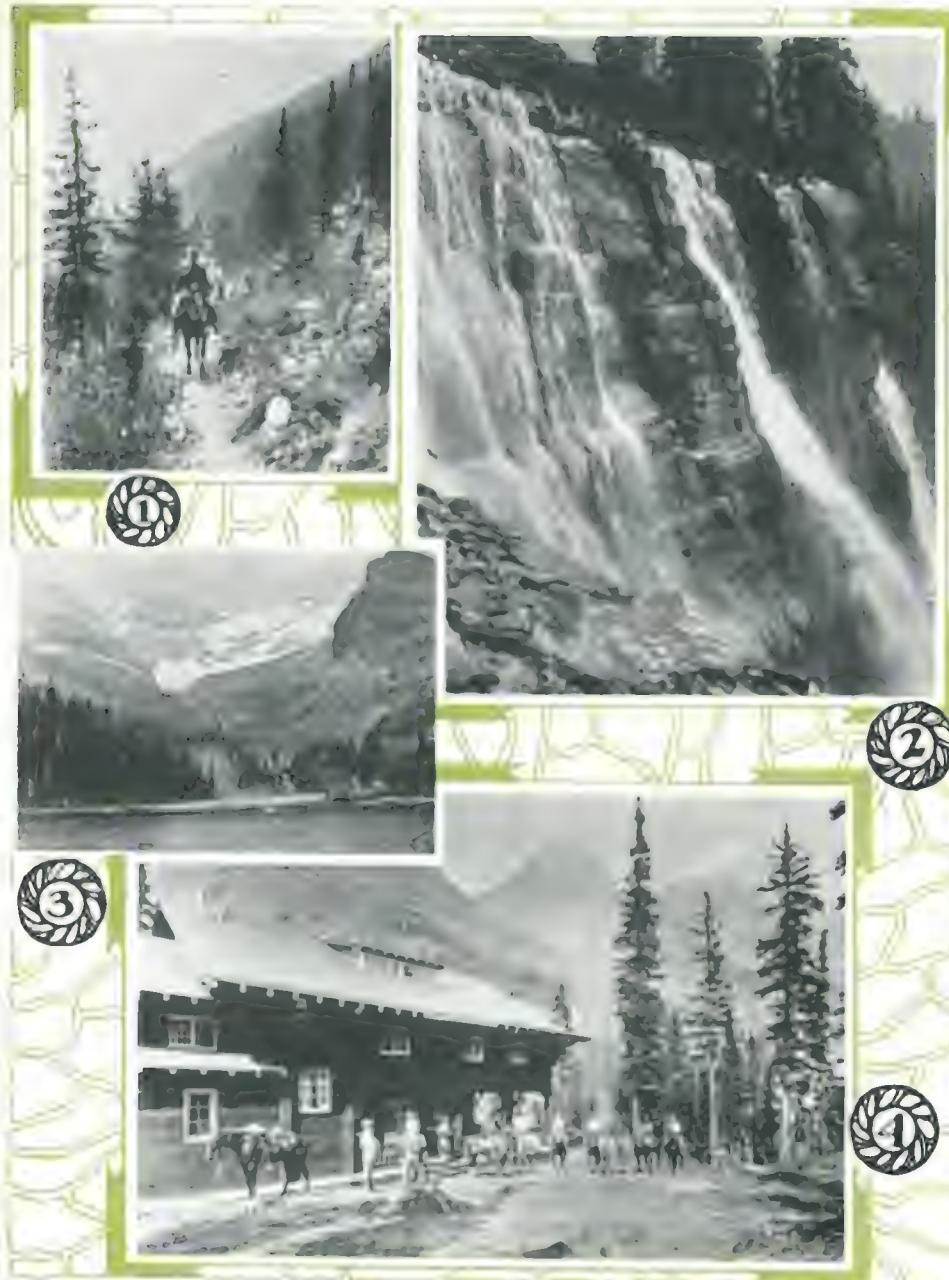
Lake Oesa But the most interesting trail of all is the one to Lake Oesa, and the lake itself is of a conquering beauty. One follows the trail around the lake from the Chalet to the foot of the ethereal lace-work of the Seven Sisters, and clammers up a steep bit to the left of the waterfall to a plateau, covered for the most part with rock fragments varying in size from a football to a small house. Through this wilderness one makes one's way to the shores of a small and nameless lake, and from there climbs up a series of sharply-defined terraces, with occasional glimpses into a spectacular gorge, and past two somewhat larger lakes, also apparently nameless, to the upper plateau in the bosom of which rests Oesa.

A Milky Green Oesa is much smaller than either O'Hara or McArthur, and its coloring is different—perhaps a milky green. Its beauty, although more austere than that of O'Hara or even of McArthur, is none the less authentic. Set far up in the mountains, beyond the tree line, beyond all vegetation except moss and alpine flowers; surrounded by gigantic rock walls and pinnacles and glaciers; brooded over by the very spirit of silence; serene and undisturbed, it seems to be as remote from the living world as if it were in the moon.

To the right an immense shale slope runs down to the lake. Over this slope runs the trail to Abbot Pass and Lake Louise. On the opposite side snow-banks survive usually throughout the summer. A glacier tongue touches the border of the lake. In the background looms mighty Lefroy. Fleets of miniature icebergs sail across Oesa in midsummer. The silence is broken, or emphasized, by the inexpressibly mournful whistle of a marmot. A mother fool-hen with five chicks march solemnly across the foreground. An enterprising mosquito—Heaven only knows what brought him up here—adds his minute song to that of the marmot.

One would not have missed Oesa, made perhaps all the more attractive because of the strenuous quality of the trail, but one's regret in leaving it behind is tempered by the thought that one is returning to an even more beautiful lake in the valley below. The vision of O'Hara through the tree-tops from the plateau above the "Sisters," who wear coral veils at sundown, is just one more revelation of the infinite variety of the moods of that entrancing pool.

Over Abbot Pass Some day perhaps, you will go back over the trail to Oesa, and from there cross Abbot Pass and descend to far-famed Lake Louise. This is not a trip for the unseasoned, the inexperienced, or the fool hardy, for it is on foot over glaciers; but provided you have a sturdy constitution, especially



- 1 On the trail between O'Hara and Wapta.
- 2 The Seven Sisters Waterfall, at Lake O'Hara.
- 3 Looking across Lake O'Hara to the glaciers,
- 4 O'Hara Camp is rather like a Swiss Chalet.



Abbot Pass Hut,
the climber's
friend.



plenty of "spares" in the matter of breathing gear, a Swiss guide, proper climbing clothes, and about eight hours of fair weather, you can make this magnificent excursion easily.

Dozens of people make this trip every summer. It is difficult enough to be an achievement, but not dangerous or exhausting. It is absolutely imperative, however, to employ a Swiss guide. Arrangements may be made at either of the starting points—Lake O'Hara or Lake Louise, preferably the latter.

A Dead World The Pass lies between Victoria and Lefroy, and has been called "the gateway to Cataract Valley"—that is, from the Lake Louise side of the range—to O'Hara, Wapta, and the Kicking Horse region. It reaches 9,598 feet above sea level and was named after Philip Stanley Abbot, a distinguished member of the Appalachian Mountain Club (Boston) who lost his life while trying to capture the peak of Mount Lefroy.

Abbot Pass is a V-shaped notch, whose secluded summit is hemmed in between mighty precipices from which avalanches constantly thunder, and from which the outlook commands nothing but naked pinnacles, snow and cataracts of ice. There is not a sign of life—neither tree nor shrub nor blade of stunted grass within the range of vision. A dead world surrounds you, a world locked in the frozen grip of snow and ice.

"It is a picture," writes Sir James Outram, "of weird wonder and desolate majesty, almost incomparable and boundlessly impressive in its might and its eternal suggestiveness."

The Alpine Hut The Alpine hut at the summit of the Pass is becoming almost as well known as the adjacent resorts. The majority of people use it as a lunch objective, but

it is convenient for parties who wish to remain the night, and witness the miracle of day unfolding on the mountain peaks and glaciers.

The Ottertail Route And still yet another route—this time from Field. From that railway point O'Hara can be reached by an excellent trail that provides a spectacular glimpse of the Ottertail Valley and Range. You motor or ride from Field to the picturesque cabin of the game warden, and from there, your pony carries you to the conjunction of the Ottertail with McArthur Creek. Leaving the latter where it ought to be, on the floor of the earth, you ride up an almost perpendicular wall and feel intense surprise upon reaching McArthur Plateau and Pass that your head is not touching the ceiling.

From McArthur Pass, beyond which lies the molten splendor of Lake McArthur, O'Hara is distant but a scant three miles. Thus a delightful round trip may be made starting either from Yoho or Wapta, including Emerald Lake, the Summit Tea House, Natural Bridge, Field, McArthur Lake and Lake O'Hara, Wapta, the Kicking Horse Canyon Tea House, and the switchback road to Yoho. The network of trails and roads is so comprehensive that you can start anywhere on the route, and be sure of a readily accessible objective with superb Alpine scenic effects in between.

A Climbing Trip And finally there is a climbing trip—a one-day climbing trip from Field that traverses the Gap (Dennis Pass) between Mount Stephen and Mount Dennis, and from there to the Duchesnay Pass. The descent is made to a beautiful valley under the shadow of the precipitous crags of Mount Odaray, the valley being followed until the O'Hara trail is reached.



MORAINE LAKE CAMP

Nine miles by road from Lake Louise

Accommodation for 9.

Saddleback Tea House

Between Paradise Valley and Lake Louise. Serving meals only.

Moraine Lake Exquisitely blue green, limpid and clear, Moraine Lake lies at the base of rugged high pitched mountains and ramparts of Babylonian brick, in the beautiful Valley of the Ten Peaks.

When you left Lake Louise you left behind you the peace that broods eternally among the mountains surrounding it. Here at Moraine the jagged peaks that rise out of the water and pierce the sky are loud with wind, and in the chaotic moraine shattered and thrown centuries ago by an earthquake and piled up by a glacier, in everything in this whole valley, wild and majestic in its primitive loneliness, there is the suggestion of the titanic forces of nature.

The Ten Peaks Moraine Lake lies nine miles distant from Lake Louise, and can be reached by motor from the Chateau. It is two miles long, a half mile wide, and is flanked on one side by a half circle of frowning peaks, scarred and furrowed by glaciers, bare of vegetation and capped with snow. These are the Ten Peaks from which the Valley takes its name. The Peaks themselves were originally named for the ten numbers of the Stoney Indian Language, while several now bear the names of the mountaineers

who made their first ascents. Not one of these peaks is less than 10,000 feet in height, and one of them, Mount Deltaform, is 11,225 feet. Standing off a little as a sort of outpost, and not included in the bright constellation, is the "Tower of Babel," an interesting rock formation of unusual shape. On another side of the Lake are the gigantic Mount Temple, Pinnacle Peak, Eiffel Peak and others.

The Camp It is strange to find in this age-old wildness and loneliness even a sign of human life, but there on the shore of Moraine Lake, whose waters are sheltered from the gusty wind and are so still that they reflect every twig above its surface, is a Bungalow Camp, as charming as any camp you've ever seen. There is a bright comfortably furnished living and dining room in the central building which is surrounded by several small bungalows, where there is sleeping accommodation for nine people. The Bungalow Camp has the reputation of being able to provide an excellent cup of tea, which after all is an art, as well as all kinds of delicious food. It provides ideal accommodation for the hiker, trail-rider or angler who wishes to linger longer in this magnificent region than is possible by the daily motor trips from Lake Louise.



The
Dining Room
at
Moraine Lake
Camp.



Consolation Valley About three miles to the south-east, by a trail around the Tower of Babel, is Consolation Valley and Lakes, another beautiful little spot. The valley is green and smiling, with an abundance of Alpine flowers; at its head are Mounts Bident and Quadra. The twin lakes contain a plentiful supply of rainbow and Dolly Warden trout, which will take almost any bait, and also cut-throat trout, a vigorous fish which takes the fly in July and August.

Wenkchemna Pass Between peaks Nine (Neptuak) and Ten is the Wenkchemna Pass, the route to Prospector Valley, Tokumm Creek, and Vermilion River. Projecting down the valley is the tongue of Wenkchemna Glacier—which, although small, has the unusual quality amongst nearly all the glaciers of the world of being in an advancing, progressive state, not in a state of recession.

Paradise Valley Between Moraine Lake and Lake Louise lies Paradise Valley, about six miles long, carpeted with anemones, asters and other Alpine flowers. Great peaks rise around it like citadel

walls. The valley can be reached by trail through a lovely Alpine meadow known as Larch Valley and over Sentinel Pass. This is a climbing excursion, for shale slides every spring make travelling for a pony almost impossible: but anyone with an average sense of location can continue the journey down the valley on foot to Lake Annette, a tiny emerald sheet of water on the other side of Mount Temple, or to the "Giant's Steps," a stair-like formation over which Paradise Creek tumbles in a beautiful cascade.

The Saddleback From these points a trail leads down the Creek and joins the old Moraine Lake Trail to Lake Louise, while another branches off through the beautiful Sheol Valley and zigzags up to Saddleback. Saddleback has a good trail from Lake Louise, and is a popular excursion from that point; and it has a very popular tea house which claims to be the highest in the British Empire.

In 1927 Moraine Lake Camp will be open from June 1st to September 30. Cars leave the Chateau Lake Louise twice daily, or by special arrangement at any time.

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- 1 Moraine Lake Camp—nine miles from Lake Louise.
- 2 Saddleback Tea House.
- 3 Paradise Valley from the Saddleback.
- 4 Consolation Lake has fine trout fishing.

K o o t e n a y P a r k

With the opening in 1923 of the Banff-Windermere Road, a through automobile route across the Canadian Pacific Rockies is now available via Banff or Lake Louise, Rocky Mountains Park, and Kootenay Park.

This road, which connects at its southern end with the Golden-Fort Steele-Cranbrook Road traversing the beautiful Windermere Valley, is the Canadian end of the great highroad which leaves Portland, Oregon, under the name of the Columbia Highway. It is also an important link in the "Grand Circle Tour" from Wyoming, via Waterton Lakes Park, Alberta, Macleod, High River, Calgary and Banff.

The Banff-Windermere Road affords one of the most spectacular rides of the whole continent and has opened up a magnificent Alpine country, with an environment of pass canyon and deep forest, known hitherto only to the hunter and the trapper. Once beyond the five-miles-on-either-side-of-the-highway that constitutes the long ribbon of Kootenay Park, anyone who wants may shoot sheep and bear and goat in season, to say nothing of deer and moose; and anyone who wants may fish at any time, inside the Park or out, and never come trophyless home. To the automobilist it is now doubly attractive because of four Bungalow Camps along its route.

Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp

26 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 14.

Vermilion River Bungalow Camp

51 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 18.

Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp

92 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 34.

Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp

104 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 42.

The distance from Lake Louise is the same as from Banff.

Lake Windermere can also be reached by rail, for the Windermere Valley branch of the Canadian Pacific runs from Golden, on the main line, to Cranbrook, on the Crow's Nest Pass line. (Windermere is 74 miles from Golden, and 120 from Cranbrook.) Radium Hot Springs can also be reached by auto from Firlands station, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles distant.



BANFF-WINDELMERE ROAD

The Motor Road

In the Banff-Lake Windermere Highway, traversing the Rocky Mountains and Kootenay National Parks, British Columbia and Alberta have what is undoubtedly one of the very finest motor roads in the whole world.

This wonderful highway, wide and smooth and hard and level as any the old Romans or the modern American ever built, twines its tortuous way through unbelievably magnificent mountain scenery from Banff, the world-famous resort in Alberta, to Lake Windermere, in British Columbia, clinging to the brim of sheer precipices, cleaving through sheer canyons, skirting giant mountains, spanning giant rivers, overlooking giant valleys and affording the most soul-shaking views of rivers and valleys and mountains stretching away endlessly, as far as one can see.

The Route From Banff or Lake Louise the route is to Castle Mountain, whence it takes a southerly course, crossing the Bow and rising to the Vermilion Pass (altitude 5,264 feet). Here it enters Kootenay Park. The road then follows the Vermilion River to its junction with the Kootenay River. This again it crosses and follows through a beautiful avenue between virgin forest, then ascending the Sinclair Pass between the Briscoe and Stamford Ranges. Turning westerly again, it reaches Radium Hot Springs, long famous for their curative qualities, and, emerging through the gap of Sinclair Canyon, meets the Columbia River about nine miles north of Lake Windermere.

The highroad follows the east side of Lake Windermere and the Kootenay River, through

Canal Flats and Fort Steele, to Cranbrook. Thence it continues to the international boundary, which turns south through Idaho to Spokane, continuing thence by way of the Columbia Highway to Portland and so on to California.

A Shadowy Background The road was officially opened in 1923, and history began there, so far as the modern world is concerned. But, if you chance on an old-timer you'll hear tales of Kootenays and Blackfeet, of the Priest's mine and the Ochre beds, of long-dead prospectors and silent chiefs, that will make a shadowy background—a bit melancholy, but wholly picturesque—for the white-floored, tree-bordered, mountain-crowned miles of the present.

You were a chattering party when you left the hotel—a heterogeneous crowd intent only on another trip. But somehow, after you have pitched south-west from Castle Mountain into the untrodden wilds, and as the motor climbs and the miles reel off under your tires, the talk dies away.

The Top of the World This new world into which the road has bored its way is a world older than Time, yet, in some vivid and tremendous fashion, still unfinished. That scarred skyline seems as though it might break in a black wave and sweep down—sweep down on life as we know it, with the crash of suns, for surely nothing so vital, so full of power, could be fixed forever. These huge creatures of granite and snow that crouch together above the tiny track, these mountains in among whom you've dared to come—you've never seen so many together, so close—herds of mountains, one behind the other, looking

Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp

over each other's shoulders, enormous, inert, yet—alive.... You feel as though you'd slipped through the hole in the wall—gone into the land where we only go in dreams.

At last you swing around a curve, and the biggest mountain of them all sweeps into view. Some of the peaks must despise the names they've been given—names of mere men and women, chance likenesses to unimportant things—little names that mean nothing in the shadowy mind of so vast a creature. But this mountain is well named Storm.

Storm Mountain A million tons of rock went to its making, a million years to its rearing, a million storms to the carving of its great head, powdered with snow. No trees to soften it, except the trees in the hills that break about its feet. Always a cloud behind it. Always a wandering wind.

And yet—opposite the mountain, perched by the side of the road, five hundred feet above the valley floor, there stands Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp. And in the paradox of those first and last words lies the secret of the place. All that there is in us that thrills to the storm—all that craves rest—yearns to the wind-bare hill-top, where the main bungalow sits, inscrutable, and takes us in for tea.

From the verandah you can see Storm, of course, and all the burnt-cinder pinnacles, the long slag walls of the Sawback Range with cloud shadows drifting across them—grey, violet, mist-colored, black. Castle Mountain, too.* And, looking down the road to the south-west, peak after peak, peak after peak—treeed or treeless, black or snow-crowned—vista after vista that flings together miles of far-off mountain-top in a little dip between two nearer giants. If you aren't a real Alpinist, you can never see another such view in all the Rockies or the Selkirks. It has an austere grandeur that makes it kin to those snowbound miles far above timberline that few people but the Swiss guides ever see.

Many Distractions No wonder you decide to break over many nights. There's the attractive three-mile trail to Boom Lake—and right on over into the Valley of the Ten Peaks if you're adventurous enough. Another fine hike or pony ride is to Twin Lakes (five miles) which has been re-stocked and is now open for fishing for the first time in five years. Vista Lake also has excellent fishing. Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp will soon be the centre of many trails that ray out like

*From the Bungalow Camp, which is situated 500 feet above the floor of the valley, the following mountains can be seen. Looking to the north is the famous Castle Mountain; to the north-west is Mount Hector, 11,125 feet high, and the Valley of the Bow Lakes; to the north-east is the beautiful Sawback Range; to the east is Copper and Pilot Mountains; to the south, ice-capped Storm Mountain; to the south-west, Mount Whymper and the Vermilion Valley, through which the road is constructed.

the spokes of a magic wheel. But the fishing won't be any better in the creek than it is to-day, and the sun-rise will be no more wonderful than it always has been from this solemn top of the world, where the day begins with a primeval immensity that shakes whatever soul you happen to have. The dripping grey chill, the hush, the mist in the valleys, and then, pink over the Sawbacks—flames over the Sawbacks—the sun! No man who stays in bed till the fit and proper time is ever as cold as you are just before the miracle. But no man with his nose in the pillow ever felt like an archangel at any time, and—you did. No wonder the morning stars sang together. They were lucky to be able to express what they felt!

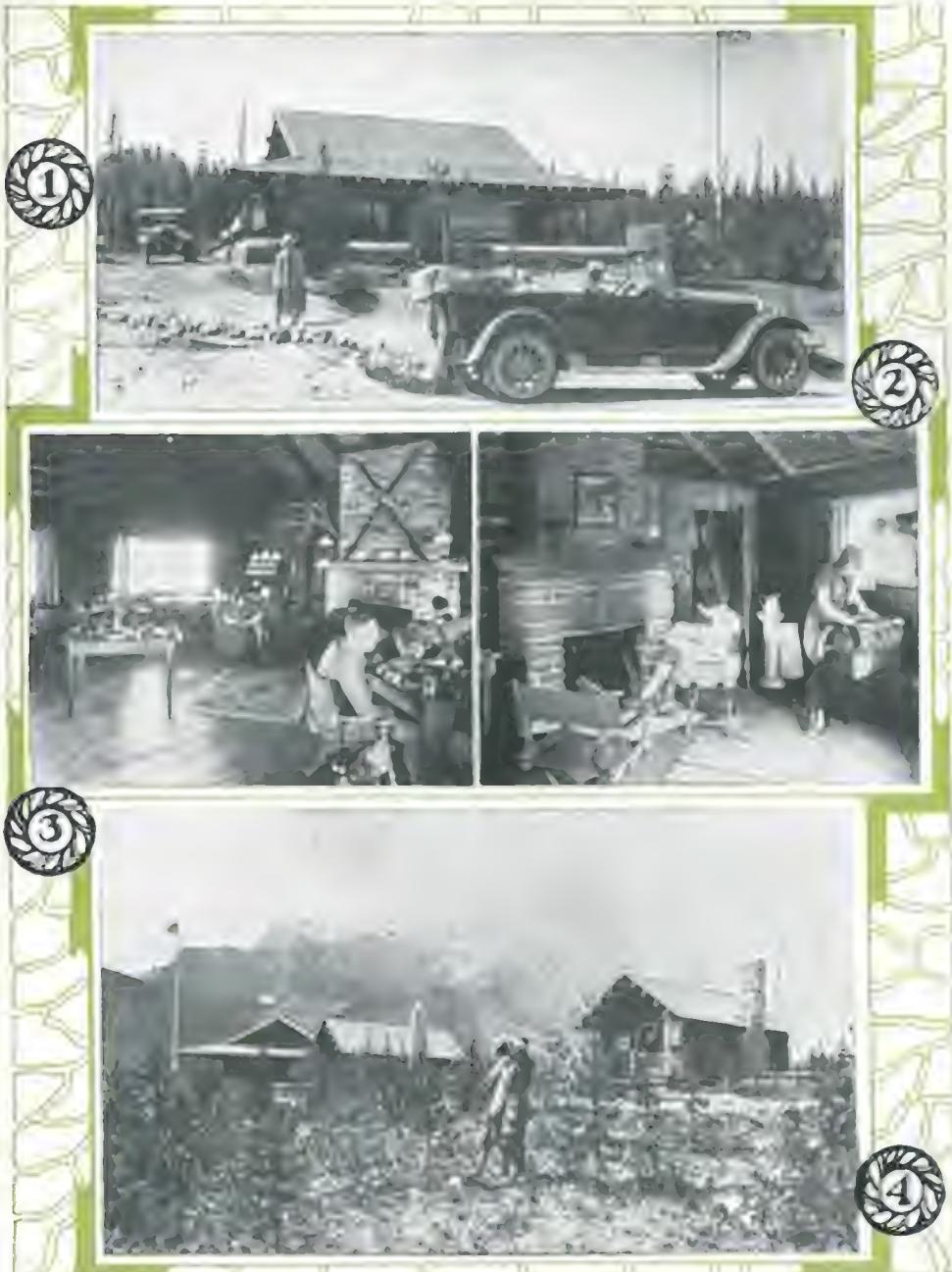
The Camp Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp consists of a large main building of log construction, with a broad verandah, and contains a combination dining and lounging room, with open fireplace; and of sleeping accommodation for 14 persons, in six log bungalows, each equipped with three single beds, clothes closet, fireplace, table, chairs, washstand, and mirror. There is a public bath-house, with hot and cold running water, and a separate bath-room and toilets.

The Road Again But there comes a time when the road beckons, and off we go by motor again, under a high blue sky, to meet the Vermilion River, born almost on the toes of Storm, but destined to rush into the cold arms of the Kootenay far to the south. Having met it, we wind about and about in its company, thankful that it dug such a spectacular yet convenient valley for itself just where we wanted to go.

Always we can see peaks that have never been climbed—when the road engineers came first in 1910, the country hadn't even been surveyed! Always we can look down long valleys that cry for our cameras.... But the motor whirls on, carrying us deeper into the shut-in world of gorge and crag and glacier.

Vermilion River Camp At Marble Canyon there is a gash in the rock three hundred feet deep, and a trail to the Paint Pots, those mysterious round wells of color from which the Kootenays of the old days used to get their sacred ochre, and trade it to the plains Indians for more mundane things.

A few miles farther on, at Vermilion Crossing, the river turns sharply to the south-west, and here, in the bend of its cool and foamy arm, there's another camp, log-cabin set where the Kootenays themselves used to rest before they crossed. This is the very middlemost middle of the big game country. If you want to see a bear, you have only to wander off the road in the cool of the evening. You may even be surprised by a fantasia on plates in the grey dawn as the staff chases away a hig and furry clown who insists on kicking the milk pail around because he's failed to reach the ham. You're in the Park, you see, and so is he



- 1 Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp.
- 2 One of the sleeping Bungalows, Storm Mountain Camp.
- 3 The Living Room, Storm Mountain Camp.
- 4 Storm Mountain from the Camp.

Vermilion River — Radium Hot Springs

Liberty, equality and fraternity include the pursuit of hams. But if you're a hunter—well, it isn't so easy for him to carry a foot-rule in his eye and judge just when he's got his hind-leg on the wrong side of the magic five-mile line. And there are always guides to be had who know where to locate not only bears of all sizes, but sheep and goats and deer.

Kootenay Park Fishing, too, can be had around Vermilion. And now that the trail over Wolverine Pass has been completed the very latest and most spectacular wrinkle in the Rockies' multiple face even the thirty-third degree mountaineer is bound to be happy because he has a four-day trip ahead of him that not only includes the bleak grandeur of the Pass, but the toes of Mount Goodsir, the Ottertail Valley, McArthur Creek, and Lake McArthur itself, with O'Hara as the final goal.

Around Vermilion River Camp stretches Kootenay Park, which, with an area of 587 square miles, tucks in between the southern portions of Rocky Mountains and Yoho Parks, and comprises the Vermilion, Mitchell and Briscoe Ranges. At the south-west end it almost touches the eastern bank of the Columbia River, a little above Lake Windermere. The Park consists of almost virgin forest, untouched by the hand of man, reaching back to a magnificent background of mountains, and inhabited practically only by big game.

Vermilion River Bungalow Camp consists of a large main building, of log construction, with a broad verandah, and contains a combination dining and lounging room, with open fireplace; and of sleeping accommodation for 18 persons, in log bungalows, each equipped with three single beds, clothes closet, fireplace, table, chairs, washstand, and mirror. There is a public bath-house with hot and cold running water, and a separate bath-room and toilets.

Save the Forests! As the Vermilion and the Kootenay approach each other, the most picturesque part of the trip begins, and the road winds along the high ridge between the two rivers, cunningly graded and skilfully bent, caught to the mountainside as only a genie or an inspired engineer could do it. Here, too, is where you see that terrific object lesson, five miles long, that weird study in black and grey, in lines and spots, that used to be a forest before Kootenay Park was established. But now it's an infinite series of slim skeletons. No wonder the Parks Commission has placed a black-rimmed sign-board at each end of that pathetic cemetery. Carelessness. That's what did it. . . . And when you take these jackknife turns it's just as well to remember that there are other forms of the disease than those concerned with cigarettes.

Sinclair Canyon And then comes the level valley of the Kootenay and the long forest aisles—a different world and a kinder. Here is where you'll see a deer, perhaps—or a deer and

two little fawns, startled and big-eyed and keen to get away, but not really frightened. Here is where you see flowers among the timber, and campers among the flowers.

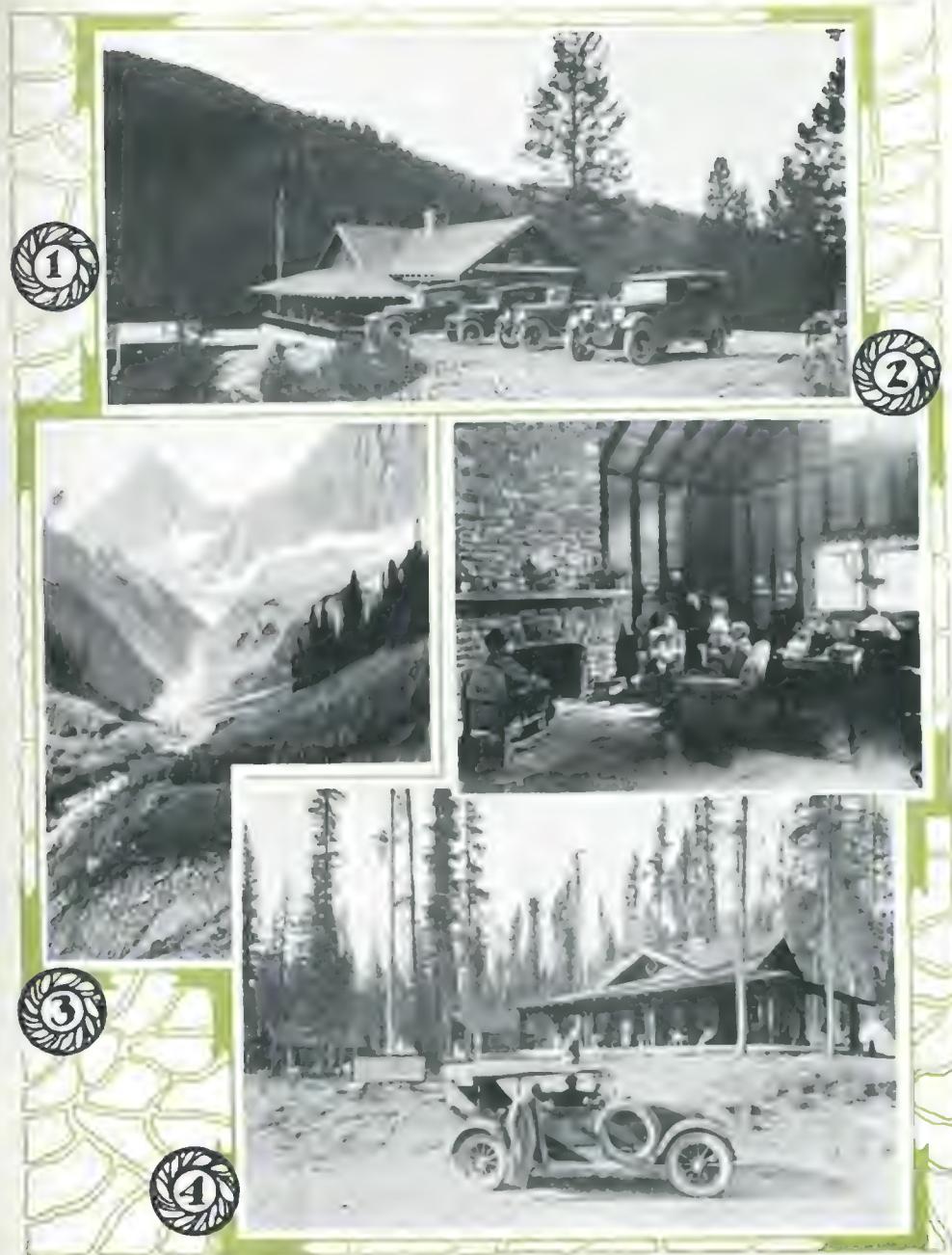
And then you climb again to Sinclair Pass, sweeping upward in great curves. You pass the Iron Gates, those grim rose-henna guardians of this inner world. You drop down to Radium Hot Springs in the narrow gorge of the canyon. And you go for a swim in the pool, built by the Government. Imagine wanting a temperature of 110, in July! But the high winds of the mountains have made it seem the pleasantest thing that could happen to you—or perhaps the very pleasantest is the cup of tea and the flaky little hot biscuits you get in the pretty community house of the bungalow camp on the top of the hill after you're all dressed and civilized again.

Radium Hot Springs Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp consists of a large main building, of log construction, with a broad verandah, and contains a combination dining and lounging room, with open fireplaces; and of sleeping accommodation for 34 persons, in log bungalows and floored tents, each equipped with three single beds, clothes closet, stove, table, chairs, washstand, and mirror. There is a public bath-house with hot and cold running water, and a separate bath-room and toilets.

The Columbia River Next morning it doesn't take long to drop, circling like a great bird, to the valley levels where Lake Windermere lies peaceful after all the emotional climaxes of the mountains.

There's something hard to describe about this huge trench that the Columbia River has dug between the Rockies and the Selkirks. The two ranges tower, white-headed above their bench lands and their river reaches, facing each other across a great green gulf, mountains of another world, as aloof and ever-beautiful as one's memories of childhood. Lake Windermere lies, warm and still, in the middle, under skies that are always blue. There are flowers and flowers and more flowers. There are lazy bells again, as the cows graze. . . . But none of these things quite accounts for the feeling of Elysian ease that makes the very soul of the place. When you go in swimming, you turn over on your back and float, and look into the high blue. When you fish—well, you do catch something every time, but you wouldn't much care if you didn't. When you motor, you're willing to loaf. Truly, a lotus-land.

Lake Windermere There are tennis courts. There are motor launches on the lake, and rumors of an old river boat that will take her serene course under the orange moon while the people dance. There's the David Thompson Fort where town gatherings and dances are held, and you can study the Indian in the craftwork he has left. There are guides and horses



- 1 Radium Hot Springs Camp.
- 2 The Living Room, Radium Hot Springs Camp.
- 3 Vermilion Peak.
- 4 Vermilion River Camp—about half way,—Banff-Windermere.



Lake
Windermere
Camp, at
the end of
the ride.



and outfit for you to go shooting in season, either into the Selkirks or up Vermilion way. Or you can find ducks yourself, hundreds of them, almost anywhere in the valley.

And as for side trips—nobody who has ever seen a cool and breathless picture of the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers will want to miss that astonishing thing if he can spare the time and is good for fording rivers. But even if he isn't, there will still be Toby Canyon, with its three-hundred-foot-high bridge, and the Paradise mines beyond, eight thousand feet in air—and Radium Hot Springs—and Swansea Peak—and—that's just a beginning. Indeed, as you settle down in your bungalow at Lake Windermere Camp by the lake shore, it comes to you that this isn't place to visit and rush away from. It's a centre for a whole summer's rest and exploration. Which is what the old-timers felt when you were too young to know where the Rocky Mountains were.

**David
Thompson**

Lake Windermere lies in a long and beautiful valley traversed by two rivers, between the main line of the Rockies and the smaller but equally spectacular Selkirk Range. It is a warm-water lake over ten miles in length and from one to three miles in breadth, surrounded by bench land, much of which has recently been transformed by irrigation into good farm land. Behind the benches are the foothills, and then the towering, jagged mountains typical of this region.

Lake Windermere, although one of the newer tourist regions of the Canadian Pacific Rockies, is not without fame, for it is the source of the mighty Columbia River, the most important waterway that flows into the North Pacific. Nor is it without

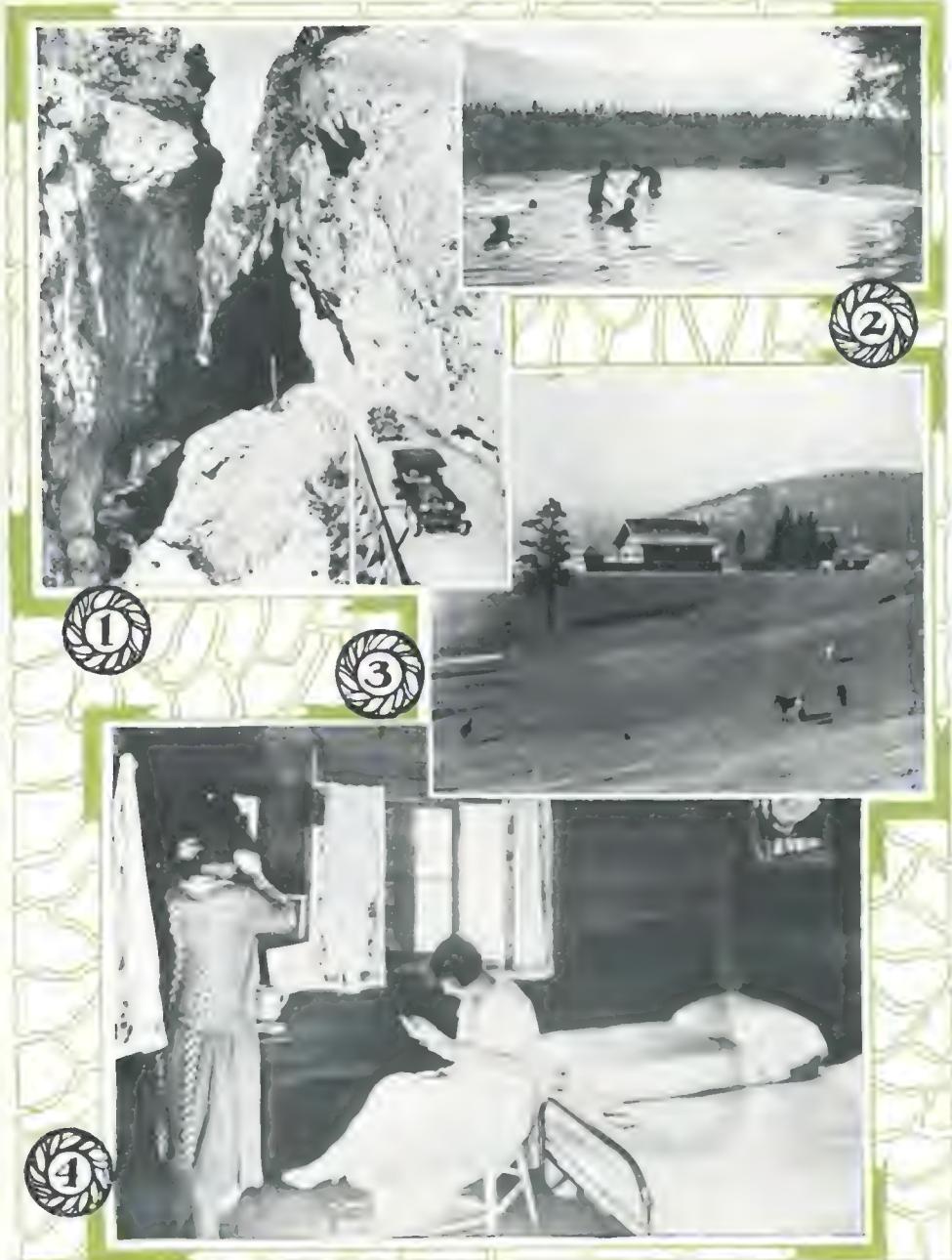
history, for the explorer David Thompson discovered it as long ago as 1807, and established a trading post at Kootenai House. But although its charm has always been known to the "old-timers" who have pioneered in this lovely valley, it is only since the construction of a railway a few years ago that the outside world has taken any real notice of it.

The Camp Lake Windermere Camp has accommodation for 42 guests. It consists of a large main building, with a wide verandah, and containing a combination dining, recreation and lounging room, with an open fireplace; and of separate small living and sleeping bungalows. Each of the latter has single beds, store, clothes closet, wash basin, running water, mirror, table and chairs. A double bath-house, with hot and cold running water, contains separate bath-room and toilets. All the buildings are electrically lighted.

Sport Mountain ponies of local breed are available for riding the trails, and the neighboring village of Invermere has automobiles for the excellent roads of the valley. In several of the creeks and smaller lakes within easy reach, good trout fishing in season may be had. The water of Lake Windermere itself is too warm for trout, though it contains countless squaw fish, many of large size. There are also landlocked salmon to be caught by trolling in the spring.

For bathing and boating the waters of Lake Windermere are ideal. The summer temperature averages about 68 degrees, and the water is crystal clear. There are several islands on the lake, each tempting the explorer.

Lake Windermere is an outfitting centre for hunting goat, bear, and deer on the slopes of the



- 1 The Iron Gates of the Sinclair Canyon.
- 2 Lake Windermere is one of the loveliest warm water lakes of British Columbia.
- 3 The David Thompson Memorial Fort at Lake Windermere.
- 4 One of the sleeping bungalows, Lake Windermere Camp.



The Dining Room, Lake Windermere Camp.



Selkirks, and goat, mountain sheep, moose, bear and deer in the famous hunting grounds of the Kootenay Valley.

The David Thompson Memorial Fort, built of huge logs with palisades and bastions, is only a short walk from the Camp; it is used as a recreation hall and Indian museum.

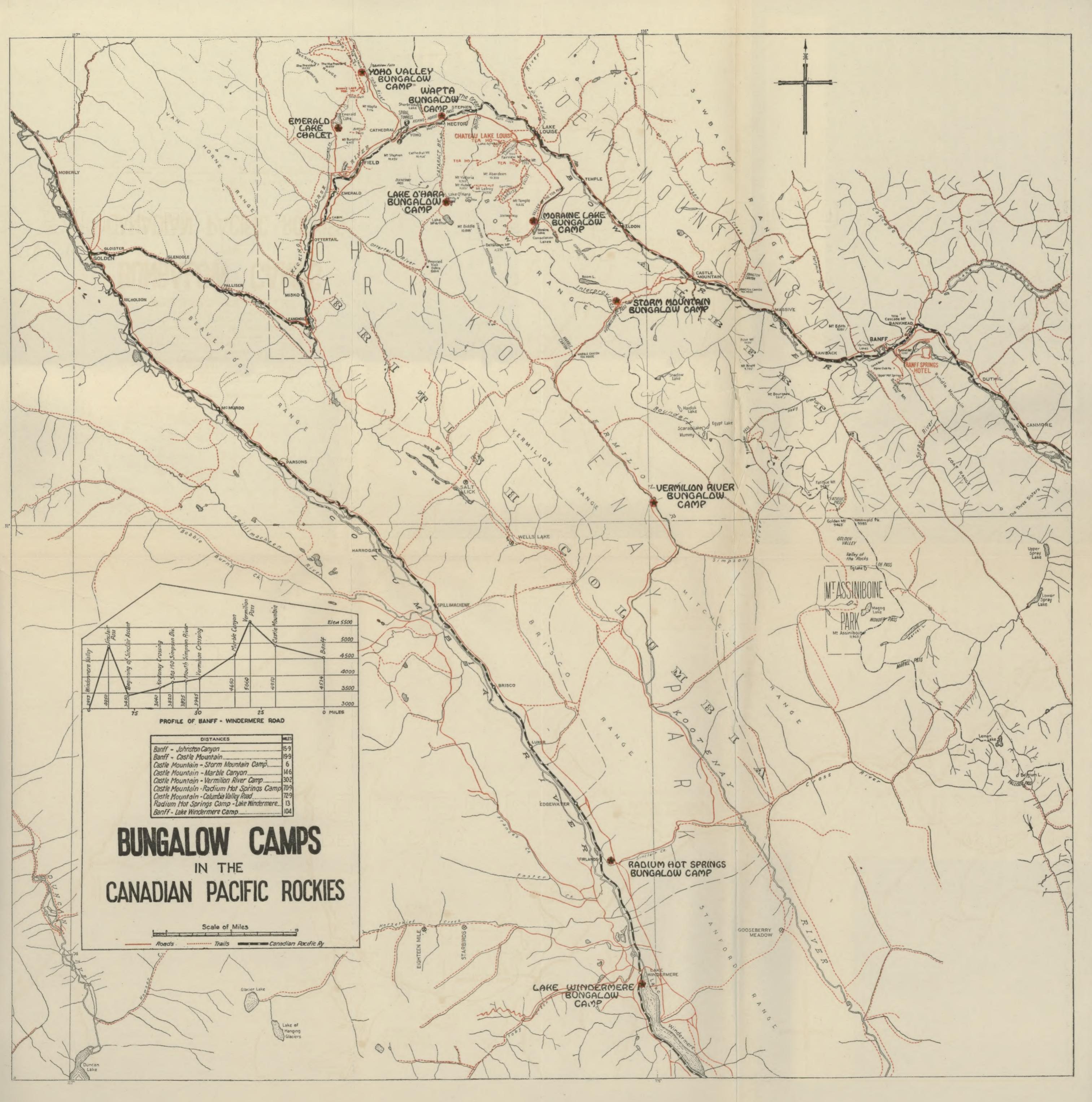
Toby Creek Among the many expeditions to be recommended are those up Toby Creek, Sinclair Canyon and Horse Thief Creek. Nine miles up Toby Canyon, Toby Creek is spanned by a spectacular bridge three hundred feet above the bed of the stream, uniting roads on either side, so that a highly interesting round-trip automobile ride of eighteen miles can be made from Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp. Beyond the bridge the road leads in the direction of Earl Grey Pass or Wells Pass to Kootenay Lake.

Horse Thief Creek Horse Thief Creek is an easy gateway to very spectacular glacier country. One can drive by auto for eighteen miles, after which there is a pony trail

leading direct up towards Horse Thief Creek, with a new trail to the wonderful Lake of the Hanging Glaciers. Or one can branch up Mackenzie Creek to Iron Cap, where on a ridge at an elevation of 10,000 feet one has a magnificent panorama of 100 miles of snow-clad peaks. These last two trips cannot be accomplished in one day, and camping outfit will have to be taken.

Auto Rates Touring automobiles can be hired in either Banff, Lake Louise, or Windermere. Auto bus service, Banff or Lake Louise to Lake Windermere (when operated)—one way \$10.00 per person, round trip (2 days) \$18.00. During the months of July and August, an "all expense tour" will be operated from Banff and Lake Louise daily, providing four or more persons wish to make the drive, at the rate of \$25.00 per person. This rate will include meals at Storm Mountain Camp, Vermilion River Camp, Radium Hot Springs Camp, Lake Windermere Camp and Johnston Canyon, and one night's lodgings at Lake Windermere.





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Wapta Bungalow Camp

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